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THE SUEZ CANAL PURCHASE.

WHEN the purchase of the Suez Canal shares was first announced the general surprise subsided after short hesitation into well-founded approval. In such cases a balanced judgment of the reasons for and against a measure is misleading or impracticable. The first impression that boldness coincided with prudence justified the inference that minor objections and difficulties must be overruled. No serious uneasiness could be felt as to the financial aspect of the transaction. While twenty times the amount is waiting for profitable investment a payment of four millions could cause the English Government no inconvenience. An eminent Frenchman is said to have applauded a supposed constitutional scruple which had, as he thought, suggested the completion of the business through a private firm. It might as reasonably be contended that a capitalist is actuated by motives of delicacy as often as he has occasion to overdraw his banking account. Even a Chancellor of the Exchequer does not walk about with four millions in his pocket, and a power to draw on Messrs. ROTHSCHILD was the best equivalent for ready money. A large part of the sum will be paid to the KHEDIVE's creditors in London or in Paris; and any amount which may be transmitted to Egypt will not be large enough to cause disturbance in the money market. Although a small premium is paid on the KHEDIVE's Canal shares, the Government has on the face of the bargain not submitted to any pecuniary sacrifice. The seller or borrower is to pay interest at five per cent. on the sum advanced until, nineteen years hence, the shares become once more entitled to dividend. At the end of that time they will probably produce a larger revenue; and in the meantime their capital value may probably be equal to the purchase-money. On the other hand, it may be contended with much probability that the solvency of the KHEDIVE may be subject to uncertain contingencies, and that political reasons may render it inexpedient to enforce regular payment of interest. A possible loss of 200,000*l.* a year for the whole or part of a term of nineteen years is not alarming. The relief afforded to the Egyptian finances is not inconsiderable. Since the KHEDIVE surrendered the coupons or the right to dividend for a long period the shares have produced him no income. By a judicious application of the purchase-money to the reduction of the floating debt he may probably invest it at 10 or 12 per cent., and at the same time relieve himself from inconvenient pressure.

The Canal Company, or M. DE LESSEPS as the representative of the French shareholders, may probably complain of the introduction into the firm of an unwelcome partner with a preponderating share of the capital. The invidious criticisms which will be provoked by Mr. DISRAELI's reversal of the policy of Lord PALMERSTON must be endured, notwithstanding the vexatious consciousness that they are not undeserved. When the English Government deprecated the construction of the Canal, it did not expect to become the principal owner. It might indeed be argued that the Canal was an evil in itself, which is reduced to the lowest point by acquiring a certain power of control; but it has in fact conferred great benefits on English trade and navigation; and it has not hitherto caused any grave political complications. A few months ago, indeed, M. DE LESSEPS threatened to revenge himself for the rejection of an increased tariff by putting out the lights and closing the Canal; but he was made to understand that the dedication to public use of a

great water highway is in its nature unconditional and irrevocable. The adverse decision on the tariff was given by the majority of a mixed Commission. M. DE LESSEPS may perhaps fear that future contests of the kind may be determined by the simple vote of the shareholding Government, without need of reference to any independent tribunal. There may undoubtedly be a conflict between a Government with large political and commercial interests to protect and private shareholders whose only object is to obtain a dividend. It will be but equitable to give any security which can be devised against a possible abuse of power. The simplest plan would be the purchase of the remainder of the shares, if it were likely that the owners could agree on equitable terms of purchase. Perhaps the intermediate course of a guarantee of dividend may not be impracticable. It must be remembered, if any such negotiation is instituted, that the late owner as well as the recent purchaser had political interests in connexion with the Canal; but it would be unbecoming on the part of the English Government to withhold from the shareholders any reasonable security which they may require.

A French writer who seems to be minutely acquainted with the constitution of the Canal Company asserts that the shares which the English Government has acquired confer no right of voting as long as the dividends are suspended. It would be rash to affirm without inquiry that the statement is erroneous; but unless the right of voting is transferred to the holders of the coupons, it would seem that it must have been reserved by the KHEDIVE, and consequently assigned to the English Government. A provision that no shareholder should have more than ten votes seems at first sight to raise a more serious difficulty; but perhaps it is not insuperable; and it may be observed that M. DE LESSEPS raises neither objection, and that he judiciously professes to welcome the tardy adherence of the English nation to his project. In the first instance he offered a portion of the capital to English capitalists, and if he is content that their abstention should be supplied by their Government, there is no reason to disturb his satisfaction. The question whether the whole property of the Canal may eventually be vested in the English Government may conveniently be adjourned. The rumour which attributes to Mr. DISRAELI the exclusive credit of the measure is probably well founded. He is perhaps the only member of the Ministry who appreciates the advantage of an appeal to national pride and popular imagination. Lord DERBY seems, according to the French despatches which have been published, to have already assumed an apologetic tone, and to have unnecessarily disclaimed any desire for English preponderance in the control of the Canal. It may be hoped that he will not listen to Lord SANDHURST's suggestion that he should escape from the consequences of his purchase by re-selling it to English or French capitalists.

The judgment of foreign nations on the purchase seems thus far not to be unfavourable; and it ought in any case to be regarded with indifference. The moral courage of the English Government was chiefly displayed in the determination to take the risk of objection and remonstrance. Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY rightly judged that complaints which could have no practical effect would not be urged with troublesome importunity. There was no reason why Russia, Germany, or Austria should object to a transaction in which they had no immediate concern. It is possible even that one or more of the Imperial Governments may have regarded with complacency a measure which

might seem calculated to produce a coldness between England and France. Italy, Greece, and the traders of Southern Russia have already discovered that the hopes which they founded on the construction of the Canal were in some degree illusory. The trade of the East has thus far not been wrested from England, because commercial custom and the possession of the best markets of production and consumption influence the course of navigation more effectively than a saving of a few hundred miles in a long voyage. The traders of the Mediterranean have assuredly no reason to regret a change of ownership which will ensure the maintenance of the Canal, and probably its future improvement.

It may be said without undue national arrogance that England may be more safely trusted to administer neutral property for the public good than any other Power. The security of the transit through Egypt is of political importance only as it affects the communication with India, which no friendly State is interested in impeding. The best channel for English commerce would be, in proportion to the extent of their navigation, also the most advantageous to other European nations. If it is thought necessary, there will probably be no objection to a formal undertaking that no exclusive privileges should be claimed for English commerce. The Government may perhaps call Parliament together for a short Session to consider the purchase with its ulterior consequences. There can be no doubt of the result; but it may be desirable to furnish an opportunity both for official explanations and for the criticism of independent members. A Ministerial statement by Mr. DISRAELI or Lord DERBY would be addressed to all Europe as well as to England. A less urgent question than that which relates to the expediency of the purchase is the question how the money which has been advanced to the KHEDEVE is to be raised. As the whole transaction affects the capital account, the natural proceeding will be to raise a loan for the purpose. It is known by a recent statement of the SECRETARY of the TREASURY that there will be no considerable surplus for the present year, and the purchase of Canal shares would form no excuse for an increase of the Income-tax.

OUR ARMY MOBILIZATION.

THE account given from official sources in the *Times* of yesterday of what is doing in the matter of the mobilization of our forces is accompanied by an apology for past neglect. Plainly the War Office has become conscious that its long delay in so vital a matter has produced some natural irritation. This indeed has been from time to time expressed freely by the press; and the more so because it is now nearly three years since Lord CARDWELL, on whom the subject was first pressed urgently in private, declared that such duties as "the careful preparation of means to enable our generals to act according to the exigencies of every case, and to avoid mistakes," formed part of the work of the addition which he was proposing to the headquarters staff. It would seem that ill health, as well as certain official difficulties, bequeathed as part of the evil legacy of dual military administration, have had something to do with this procrastination. And Sir CHARLES ELLICE, on whom the work finally devolved in his character of Quarter-master-General, has needed support from above, as well as able assistance in his office, in order to push the matter through.

Reviewing briefly the work as outlined in the *Times*, we note first that it has been carried out more quietly than could have been hoped, if not quite so promptly. The only part of it which has not escaped public notice has been the necessary surveying of ground here and there for possible camps of assembly, which has been performed, it seems, by young officers fresh from the Staff College. Even this has been so unostentatiously conducted (as we learn from incidental press notices), that the operation has been everywhere taken to be but the usual preliminary to future local autumn manoeuvres. Meanwhile, the key of that new system of national defence without which neither these surveyed camps, nor the means of approaching them easily, could be at once put to proper use on an emergency, has been framed simultaneously, and that so quietly that not a word seems to have been breathed on the subject until within the last three days. Yet the labour involved must have been considerable, even to the most practised and diligent staff officer.

It was necessary, in the first place, to draw one broad line of distinction in the organization. Of our very mixed defensive force, made up of Regulars of the Guards and Line, Militia, Volunteers, Yeomanry, Pensioners, and Army Reserve, there are large portions that could obviously be used only for sedentary or local purposes. On the other hand, it is certain that, if a serious national invasion came upon us, it would be attempted in force, and it would be desirable to meet it at the first favourable position with as large and efficient a mass as possible. This fighting mobile mass must be independent of the garrisons. Hence every man that can be fairly spared and would really be fit for these more active duties ought to be mobilized in the Field Army. Of the Regulars, accordingly, nearly all are assigned to it except the garrison artillery. The Militia Infantry battalions naturally also fall to it, their artillery joining the garrison regular artillery. The Volunteers, it is boldly announced, cannot be expected to do such continuous duty as prolonged hostilities with a dangerous enemy would demand. Yet it is not desired to leave them outside a real scheme of national defence. They are assigned to the Garrison Army, and each corps in the kingdom has its fixed post for mobilization, where it would be required to do constant service, but with the special proviso that (except, we suppose, in the case of actual invasion) one-fourth only of the effective enrolled members need be present. As the arrangements for relieving those on duty would be made within the corps itself, there would certainly be the minimum of discomfort exacted from individuals. Many of the members of this branch of the forces will grumble at this easy service; they may be comforted to know that it does not extend to those small coast bodies which were formed for purely local service, and to do duty near their own homes. These would be required to attend to the extent of two-thirds of their strength, and would of course aid greatly in the look-out for hostile fleets. The Yeomanry are essentially a field force, and fall naturally to the Field Army; but they would not be called on duty, save under great pressure, and would naturally be attached for light outpost duties to the nearest organized body of regular cavalry. The Army Reserve men (if forthcoming, which many will doubt) would of course join their Line battalions in the Field Army, and the Pensioners, equally of course, would be distributed in the Garrison Forces.

These principles once settled, the next point follows naturally—the organization of these two separate portions of the defence. As to the Garrison Army, it is naturally broken up into such important commands as Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, Dover, Tilbury (designed specially for the Metropolitan Volunteers), Dublin, and Cork. A few smaller commands at detached forts and harbours, under district officers, and at parts of the coast under a local staff, complete the outline. Most of the troops of all sorts in this category have their places fixed permanently in the scheme.

The Field Army is at once more important and more difficult to arrange for. After using up, so to speak, nearly all the Guards and Line and Infantry Militia, it is found that we can provide just eight Army Corps of the present regulation strength, each having three weak divisions of six or seven battalions. These are to be stationed for mobilization purposes as follows:—Four are placed in a curve, so as to cover London on its exposed sides, the east and south, at Colchester, Croydon, Aldershot, and Salisbury. Two, to be formed respectively at York and Chester, protect the North of England, and support the coast garrisons and levies on its east and west fronts. One is as a matter of course at Dublin, and the remaining one at Edinburgh; these two being, in fact, the main garrisons of Ireland and Scotland respectively. The three divisions of each could not be brought actually together at once, but must be mobilized conveniently near the point named, where the 1st Division, or part of it, would from the beginning be collected.

Then comes the question of the actual distribution of the troops set apart for this Field Army. The most obvious plan would be to divide the Regulars equally throughout the eight corps. But the designers of the scheme have had the courage to acknowledge that they could not overlook the contingency of having to move one or two corps beyond our own shores. Those so moved should be of course Regulars; and accordingly we find the 1st Corps (Colchester) is actually composed entirely of the Line, for the Yeomanry attached to it would only be thrown in on occasion; while the 2nd Corps (Aldershot)

has two regular divisions; and the 3rd (Dorking) one, composed of the Foot Guards. There is an anomaly here manifest at once; but it must be supposed there is some fair ground for thus excluding those gallant soldiers from what would naturally be the first call for foreign service. The other five Corps are formed mainly of Militia. But besides the regular field artillery necessarily attached, it has been very properly decided to give to each a small nucleus of Regulars; and the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division of the Corps, which would be invariably at the headquarters, is therefore composed of three Line battalions.

As Militia battalions have a fixed point to start from, it is easy to attach every one to a fixed corps or garrison command. But this was found impracticable with the Line, which (for reasons not too creditable to our military system) is perpetually rotating, when on home service, from one station to another. The difficulty apparently arising here has been neatly solved by the simple expedient of making the mobilization place of each battalion dependent, not on its name or numbers, but on the barracks it occupies, the colonel having his assigned route to his proper post with him for study so long as his command remains in the same quarters, but making it over to the successor who relieves him, who would take the position in the Mobilization scheme assigned before to the departing battalion. The latter, of course, on reaching its new station, finds a fresh order awaiting it, detailing its new position in the scheme, and giving in all cases full information as to the route to be taken in the event of a call. The *Times* writer touches but slightly on the arrangements for the staff. But it is to be remembered that mobilization is in the first instance essentially a paper work; and it is perfectly easy for the Horse Guards to arrange provisional lists and orders for single officers, who are much easier dealt with than bodies of troops.

We cannot close even a hasty notice of the scheme without observing that there are numerous gaps apparent in our organization when once the effort is honestly made to frame a peace army into one for real service. These relate especially to our deficiencies in field batteries and companies of Engineers with their accessories. That the want, however, is openly admitted shows the War Office to be awakening to the fact that we live in an age no less warlike, and much more advanced in the art of war, than that of our grandfathers. And we hope that the supreme authorities of the army, in putting the weaker points thus palpably before the public, will not fail in the courage necessary for completing their work, and making that which we have, and now for the first time propose to organize thoroughly, complete in every limb needful for its efficiency.

HERZEGOVINA.

THE insurgents in Herzegovina have unexpectedly succeeded in prolonging the struggle till winter has set in. It is impossible to judge whether they or their adversaries will suffer more from the inclemency of the season; but there is no doubt that the Turkish Government is now engaged in an obstinate and costly struggle. The warlike mountaineers of Montenegro no longer disguise their complicity with the insurgents. According to the latest account, a body of 6,000 Montenegrins was prepared to take part in an expected battle; and probably the auxiliaries would prove themselves the most efficient part of the allied force. It is also believed that negotiations between Serbia and Montenegro have been renewed; and the Servian Government has shown marks of disrespect to the Austrians since it has been known that there would be no Austrian intervention. Notwithstanding the increasing difficulties which beset the Porte, numbers and organization will ultimately prevail, if the great Powers persevere in their determination to remain neutral. Nothing has happened to shake the first impression that the insurrection, though it may have been excusable, was disastrous to all parties concerned. The first condition which justifies rebellion is the probability of success. The hasty philanthropists who expressed sympathy for the insurgents were but doubtful friends or benefactors. The only authoritative declarations of English policy have been made by Lord DERBY at Liverpool and by Mr. DISRAELI at the LORD MAYOR'S dinner. Neither Minister avowed the abandonment of the system which was inherited by Lord PALMERSTON from a long line of earlier statesmen. It is a

serious misfortune that the capricious and violent partisanship of the *Times* should have exposed England to the censure and ridicule of foreign politicians. French journalists and Russian statesmen not unnaturally suppose that incessant vituperation of Turkey must indicate a settled purpose in the English Government, as well as a sudden national tergiversation. They would do well to observe that the same writers who incessantly foretell the dismemberment of Turkey officiously anticipate and invite the further progress of Russian conquest in Central Asia. Even if English opinion had become unanimous in desiring an internecine war in South-Eastern Europe, the approach of a formidable rival to the frontiers of India can be a subject of congratulation to few.

On the first outbreak of the insurrection the *Times* announced the necessity of conceding to Herzegovina the qualified independence which is now possessed by Serbia. The subsequent discovery that Mahometans form a third of the population of the province suggested the more reasonable alternative of an Austrian occupation. It may be admitted that the administration of the disturbed districts by a strong and civilized Power would furnish the best security for the restoration of peace, and for the maintenance of order and justice. Both Germany and Russia would probably have regarded Austrian intervention with complacency. Unfortunately for the promoters of the scheme, Austria and Hungary form an independent monarchy, of which the affairs are administered, like those of other States, mainly with a view to its own interest and security. Armed intervention in Herzegovina would have been an act of war if it had been undertaken against the wishes of the Porte; and in any case it would probably have made the protecting Power unpopular with all classes of the population. The inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities still resent the Austrian occupation of 1854, which indeed was undertaken, not for the maintenance of order, but as a military demonstration against Russia. Against the permanent acquisition of the province there are forcible reasons. Neither the Germans at Vienna nor the Hungarians at Pesth desire to see the artificial balance of languages, races, and religions disturbed by an addition of Slavonic territory. General IGNATIEFF lately told the SULTAN that the Rayahs of the border provinces of Turkey could not but share the feelings of their neighbours and kinsmen in Dalmatia and Austrian Croatia. The rulers of the Empire would regard with uneasiness the union of their Slavonic subjects with races which have been taught to invoke Russian supremacy. Another objection to meddling with the affairs of Herzegovina is the difficulty of disposing of the Mahometan population. Western philanthropists indeed recommend that the landowners and the townsmen should emigrate in a mass; but the sacrifice of their property consequent on exile to some undefined region, might be attended with difficulties, even if it were an equitable arrangement. The expulsion of four millions of warlike fanatics from a country which their ancestors have possessed for ages would be a formidable undertaking; nor would the commencement of the process in Herzegovina be regarded with indifference by the remainder of the dominant race. A more moderate project which was some years ago proposed by the historian RANKE has lately been revived by Mr. VON SYBEL in a speech at Berlin. The suggestion that the Mahometans should occupy the towns, and the Christians the rural districts, though it sounds strange, might perhaps not be found utterly impracticable.

It is announced on credible authority that the negotiations between Russia and Austria have been suspended. In other words, the Austro-Hungarian Government definitely declines to interfere in the civil war in Turkey. The change of circumstances perhaps explains Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S visit to Berlin; and it also accounts for the more warlike attitude of Serbia and Montenegro. Russia, which has hitherto held both the turbulent little principalities in check, may not be unwilling to apply further pressure both to the Porte and to the Austrian Government; but probably neither Serbia nor Montenegro will be allowed to declare war against Turkey. The regular military force of Serbia is insignificant in numbers, and the militia is not capable of meeting a Turkish army in the field, though it may offer troublesome support to the insurrection. The Montenegrins have the military virtues and defects of highlanders; but their weakness principally consists in the smallness of the population. Neither Serbia nor Montenegro could be spared by Russia; and consequently they will not be

allowed to take the field, unless it is intended that in case of reverse they shall be protected from the consequences of their rashness. It may be conjectured that General IGNATIEFF spoke the truth when he declared that his Government was still reluctant to precipitate the fall of Turkey. The risks are so great, and the results so doubtful, that even the most ambitious Government may well hesitate before the commencement of the struggle. Whenever Russian aggression is attempted, the opposition of Austria must be encountered, nor is it safe, in reliance on the officious sympathy of one powerful journal, to count on the indifference of England. The fatal mistake of the Emperor NICHOLAS, who mistook Mr. COBDEN and his followers for the English nation, has not been yet forgotten in Russia. In the negotiations or arrangements which may be instituted, Germany will probably maintain the attitude which it has assumed from the beginning of the insurrection. The alliance or friendly understanding of the three Imperial Courts is really, as well as ostensibly, directed to the maintenance of the peace; and it is evident that a vital divergence of Eastern policy between Austria and Russia would be fatal to the policy which has for its main object the isolation of France. The Imperial Courts will continue to watch the fortunes of the combatants in Herzegovina, and from time to time they will prepare measures for the protection of the Christians in Herzegovina, which the Porte will, with more or less sincerity, adopt. In some moment of discouragement the insurgents may perhaps accept or invite a compromise.

Although the Austro-Hungarian Government has discontinued negotiations with Russia, it cannot regard with indifference the continuance of the civil war. It is possible that active measures may be taken to prevent the violation of neutrality by Servia. Montenegro is less immediately within reach, and it might be invidious to deal directly with a Russian dependency. The Porte may be excused on many grounds for rejecting the counsels of advisers who recommend the concession of local independence to Herzegovina. Experience shows that territories which have been practically released from their allegiance are more pugnacious and in every way more troublesome as neighbours than as subjects. Montenegro, which has always been independent, has real causes of quarrel with Turkey, arising both from disputed rights of pasture, and from a long succession of sanguinary feuds. The Servians have no cause for making war on the Turks, except hereditary hatred, stimulated perhaps by a not discreditable sympathy for the Rayahs. If Herzegovina were divided between Servia and Montenegro, or if it were established as a separate principality, it would be ready, like its neighbours, to stimulate any disaffection which might arise in Bosnia or Bulgaria. Those who recommend suicide to the Turks ought to take the trouble to conceal their object. The exhortations of those who assure them that they are destined to expulsion from Europe are not likely to be followed. A few years ago zealous Protestant politicians were in the habit of assuring the POPE that his spiritual influence would be increased by the surrender of his temporal power. He might have replied that it was strange that the opponents of his religious supremacy should be anxious to defeat their own object. In the same manner the Porte hesitates to recognize the expediency of a step which is confessedly preparatory to the destruction of the Turkish Empire. The whole question is surrounded by apparently insuperable difficulties. Some issue will sooner or later be found; but the passive and temporizing policy of England has been infinitely wiser than the cynical candour of modern promoters of disruption. If the Mahometans of European and Asiatic Turkey are driven to bay, they may offer in a just cause a desperate resistance to ambitious assailants. If it is true that they are slowly dying out, the triumph of the Christian population and their patrons may be advantageously deferred.

VACATION SPEECHES.

THE condition and prospects of political parties have been lately discussed from opposite points of view by Mr. FORSTER and Mr. LEATHAM on one side and by Lord HARTINGTON and Sir M. H. BEACH on the other; and other speakers have added little to the elucidation of political stagnancy and indifference. In more exciting times public speakers discuss the measures which they pro-

mote or oppose, instead of speculating on the theoretical question whether their respective parties have a definite policy and a claim to public confidence. As the production of literary and bibliographical histories always indicates a deficiency of original literature, expositions of the theory of Conservatism or of Liberalism proceed from a consciousness of general political indifference. The indefinite agitation which Mr. FORSTER hopes to revive, and the revolutionary ambition of Mr. LEATHAM, are certainly less congenial to the actual mood of the country than the prudent warnings of Lord HARTINGTON, or even than the complacent assurances of Sir M. H. BEACH. Mr. FORSTER's eagerness for political change might perhaps be encouraged by the sympathy of a still more zealous Liberal, if Mr. LEATHAM were not careful to denounce the late Ministers as less capable of administration than their successors. The people of Bradford indeed were informed that the inherent vitality of Liberalism enables it to dispense with the discipline which has given the Conservatives strength; but Mr. FORSTER would scarcely agree with Mr. LEATHAM in the opinion that the choice of new leaders must be the first condition of a successful advance. Those Liberals who think it worth while during their exclusion from power to form a plan for a future campaign will be well advised in following the guidance of Mr. FORSTER as the first step to the attainment of Mr. LEATHAM's objects. The equalization and extension of the franchise will greatly facilitate the policy of the twenty Liberal Clubs which appear to flourish with rank and superfluous luxuriance at Huddersfield. The abolition of the Church and the transfer of landed property from owners to occupiers will be more easily accomplished when Mr. FORSTER has distributed in equal electoral districts the voters who exercise household or universal suffrage. It is not unlikely that Mr. FORSTER's cheerful appeal to the Irish Home Rule party may receive a favourable answer. A request, indeed, for political services which are not to be repaid in kind may at first sight appear one-sided and unattractive; but Mr. BUTT and his friends may perhaps think it their interest to establish even an unrecognized claim to the gratitude of extreme English Liberals. The future policy of a homogeneous democracy admits of no certain calculation. The existing constituency and the present Parliament are, as Lord HARTINGTON said, entirely opposed to the disruption of the United Kingdom. An Assembly of the American type might perhaps be more favourable to projects of separation.

Sir M. H. BEACH cannot fairly be blamed for the conventional and commonplace character of his speeches at Belfast. It may perhaps be the most effectual mode of confirming the allegiance of supporters of the Government to assure a favourable audience that Conservatism is triumphant and secure. Having occasion to mention the late Liberal Government, Sir M. H. BEACH added that he might almost speak of the late Liberal party. He had apparently not studied the ingenious array of figures by which Mr. FORSTER proved that a small percentage of capricious votes might reverse the political result of the last general election. Under the Ballot it is impossible to calculate with confidence on the continuance of a temporary majority. The personal and official miscarriages of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues will have been forgotten when they have been four or five years out of office, and the publicans will probably have relaxed their powerful organization. As long as the present Parliament lasts Sir M. H. BEACH and his friends are safe, but their boasts ought in prudence to be limited to the time which must elapse before they have once more to put on their harness. The Home Rulers will not have been deeply impressed by exhortations to interest themselves in the fortunes of a great Empire rather than in the establishment of provincial independence. A more forcible argument might have been deduced from the loyalty of Belfast to the English connexion. The first commercial town in Ireland is utterly opposed to Irish isolation, whether it is called by its advocates Home Rule or Repeal of the Union. Probably more than half of the Parliamentary allies of Mr. BUTT are privately of the same opinion. The Catholic gentry have not the smallest sympathy with clerical or secular demagogues; and the amusing collapse of the O'CONNELL Centenary suggests a doubt whether the priests and their adherents are not at heart the bitterest enemies of Home Rule.

As the agitators, with their customary inaccuracy, denounced the present Ministers as authors of a Coercion

Bill, the IRISH SECRETARY was perhaps justified in explaining for the twentieth time that the only changes effected in the law were in the direction of increased leniency or laxity; yet it is not desirable that parties succeeding one another in power should bid against each other for popularity with criminals and apologists of crime. One of the most creditable parts of the policy of the late Government was its resolution to suppress crime in Ireland by vigorous measures which necessarily involved constitutional anomalies. The effect of judicious legislation, and perhaps of lapse of time and increasing prosperity, was to render possible a relaxation of some of the restrictions. All parties were willing to recognize a change in circumstances; but the merit belonged to those who had in some degree pacified the disturbed districts, and not to those who profited by the improvement. At the beginning of the Irish debate of the last Session Lord HARTINGTON, with characteristic honesty and courage, avowed the responsibility of himself and his former colleagues for the stringent legislation which was to be in some degree modified. He was perfectly consistent when in his speech at Bristol he disclaimed any political alliance with the Home Rule members, who are at the same time systematic opponents of exceptional measures for the protection of life and property. Down to the present time no evil consequences appear to have resulted from the late changes in the law. Sir M. H. BEACH might have claimed legitimate credit for the success of his Government in discriminating between indispensable securities for order and temporary expedients.

A Ministerial speaker might well deem himself fortunate in having the earliest opportunity of referring to the Suez Canal purchase. It is not often that an administrative measure adds great and immediate strength to a Government; nor indeed has the purchase any natural connexion with either Conservative or Liberal principles; but to the first approval of Mr. DISRAELI's policy the reflection naturally succeeds, that no such measure would under any pressure of expediency have been adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE. The present Ministers are on the average superior to their predecessors in official aptitude, although Mr. DISRAELI has no pretensions to the vast knowledge of Mr. GLADSTONE; but of late the Government had been seriously discredited by indefensible blunders and by more or less culpable misadventures. Lord HARTINGTON, after propounding the strongest Conservative doctrines, vindicated his character as leader of the Opposition by just and severe comments on the Fugitive Slave Circular, and on the recent proceedings of the Admiralty. The most effective answer to criticism on administrative miscarriages is the exhibition, in the same or in some other department, of practical vigour and capacity. A Government which has made all Europe admire or protest cannot be held up to derision for minor shortcomings. Mr. LEATHAM himself and his twenty Huddersfield Clubs have perhaps been temporarily diverted from projects of domestic revolution. No English party can safely profess indifference to foreign politics. Lord PALMERSTON's long tenure of power was largely due to the popular belief in his European influence and in his patriotic vigour. Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded for a time in confining public interest within domestic channels; but one of the causes of his fall was the dissatisfaction which had been felt at his dealings with Russia and with the United States. Lord PALMERSTON, within a few months from the time when he had attained the height of popularity, was driven from office in consequence of the dissatisfaction which had been caused by two or three mysterious appointments. It may be hoped that Mr. DISRAELI will not be tempted by the popularity which he has justly earned to disregard the censures which have been provoked by errors in the conduct of Parliamentary business, by official mistakes, and by a careless disposition of patronage.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EDUCATION.

BOTH the great English Universities have lately turned their attention to the question whether they can make some sort of special provision for the education of the candidates who have been selected by competition for Indian appointments. Oxford was first in the field, and has shown great anxiety to discharge in an adequate manner the duty, if it is a duty, of gathering into its fold these stray but promising sheep. At Cambridge a

Syndicate or Commission was appointed to report upon what was proper and reasonable to be done there in order to encourage selected candidates to share the benefits of a University education. It will be comforting to Cambridge men generally, and perhaps to selected candidates also, to learn that the Syndicate, which has now published its Report, can hardly think of a single thing which Cambridge might offer and does not offer. The only suggestions it can make are that, if the Government comes forward in some undefined way, the University might establish a readership in Telugu and a readership in Indian Law. Something too is proposed to meet the rare cases in which a selected candidate might be of standing sufficient to take his degree before he left for India. It is hard work for a young man to add the reading required by the University to the reading which the Civil Service Commissioners impose on him, and the Syndicate, in tenderness for persons placed under this difficulty, has suggested that they might be allowed to have an alternative paper in the History examination—special questions, that is, might be set to them which would fall within their own peculiar region of study. Further than this the Syndicate sees no reason for going. If a young man who has been selected for an Indian appointment can afford to come to Cambridge, and likes to go there, he will not have much to complain of. He will find most of the subjects he is studying taught there. As to the others, there are some as to which the Syndicate judiciously remarks that the selected candidates can get them up perfectly well by themselves. Others the University might undertake to teach if the Government would make it worth its while. All this is extremely sensible, but it must be owned that it is rather damping to those who imagined that the Universities would, if they were put to it, easily contrive some scheme by which it would be found that selected candidates might carry on with comfort and profit the special studies which, in preparation for their Indian life, they are bound to follow. It may be guessed that the members of the Cambridge Syndicate do not very much care whether selected candidates come to Cambridge or not. To have a sprinkling of young men who are not engaged in the usual studies of the place, who have peculiar interests of their own, and whose career lies apart from the career of most of their contemporaries, does not seem to them an object to gain which the University need put itself much out of its way. It will be enough that, if young men in this position like to come to Cambridge, they shall find at their command a fair amount of the sort of instruction they need.

It is very natural that many of those who are interested in the welfare of the Indian Civil Service should think that to induce or compel selected candidates to pass their time of preparation at Oxford and Cambridge is to give them exactly what is best for them and for the country they are about to govern. They are selected from all parts of the kingdom; they have not only not been trained together, but the training they have received has been of very different patterns. Many of them come from modest homes, and have not had the social advantages which go so far to determine the character as well as the manners and standing of young men in England. The very thing they want seems to be to be brought together, and yet to be brought into contact with the general life of an English University, to have a home offered them where they can still enjoy amusements of many kinds without needless restrictions, and where they may imbibe the happy influences of seats of religion and learning. But the practical difficulties that stand in the way of what seems so desirable being carried out are very considerable. It is hard to see how the Secretary of State can make residence at one of the Universities compulsory. He would be met with the religious objections that are so freely urged when any institution attached to one form of religion seems to be specially favoured; and he would be met by local objections, and the claims of other Universities to be considered as likely to offer what was wanted as Oxford and Cambridge. If residence in a University was all that was wanted, Durham and Aberdeen would demand why they would not do; and, to use a favourite phrase of writers of fiction, the answer is one of those things which it is easier to feel than to express. To compel the selected candidates to reside at a University would also greatly increase the expenses they now have to incur, and there would be much grumbling over this, unless, as the Cambridge Syndicate says, the Government came forward and paid the candi-

dates for going to a University. If, again, the candidates were scattered through different colleges, they would not get any better knowledge of each other, they would all pursue their separate paths, and would have none of that *esprit de corps* which is often said to be one of the main things which strangers bound together merely by common success in an examination necessarily lack. Many of these objections might no doubt be removed by a new college and a single college being instituted at either Oxford or Cambridge, where all the selected candidates might be gathered together. If the Secretary of State chose to spend money enough, he might give the selected candidates the education they want, and bear as much of the expense as he thought proper. As either Oxford or Cambridge would have to give way to the other, the local jealousies of other Universities might be allayed. The formation of an *esprit de corps* would be possible, and nothing need interrupt the special studies thought most suitable for an Indian life. But the expense would be very great, and the religious objections to putting an Imperial institution under the wing of the English Church would be freely urged. A University town cannot offer sufficient opportunities of seeing the system of English law in practical operation, and the very fact that all the selected candidates lived together would exclude them from many of the best influences of a University life. The gain would be so problematical, the arguments against the scheme would be so many and so strong, that the most courageous Secretary of State might well hesitate to ask the approval of Parliament.

So long as the selected candidates are under the existing system, have to prepare the subjects in which they are now periodically examined, and are aided by the moderate grant which now helps them during their preparation, it may be doubted whether they do not lose more than they gain by going to a University. They are very hard worked, and they are going to India. To add to their work by thinking of University examinations is to put an extra burden on their shoulders which it is unwise to bear. To do well what they are told to do, and to keep their health, ought to be their first objects, and a young man cannot do more than the Civil Service Commissioners exact of him without danger to health. To go out fagged to death is a very bad preparation for a tropical climate. The scheme invented by the Civil Service Commissioners for the preparation of the selected candidates is a model of good sense. They are required to learn the things most likely to be useful to them, and they have their minds constantly directed to the country where they are going to serve, and which, even while they are here, contributes to their support. One of the very best parts of the present system is the obligation to attend personally in English courts of every grade. A few days in a court teaches a student who knows his text-books more than a hundred lectures can do; and if one advantage is to be set against another, it is not too much to say that India, which finds the money for these young men and is going to be ruled by them, gains more by their seeing how justice is administered in England, and catching the spirit in which English trials are conducted, than it is at all likely to gain by their being thrown together at a University. London alone can offer what is wanted in this respect. There the selected candidates can see English law at its best, worked by the ablest men, exhibited in all its varied forms, and in constant operation. The Cambridge Syndicate remarks that it is not aware that any college prevents undergraduates who have obtained Indian appointments from going up to London to attend the law courts. But although some few selected candidates may like the arrangement, and may not mind the trouble and expense of passing their time between London and a University town, it is not likely that a plan will be generally adopted which involves living in one place and doing the most important part of one's work in another. There is perhaps more sound sense in the Report of the Cambridge Syndicate than those whom it will disappoint will be inclined to allow. To say that Cambridge does not much want the selected candidates, and cannot see why they should want Cambridge, but that if they like to come they will find instruction in many of their subjects ready for them, and that they shall have Telegu and Indian Law thrown in if the Government likes to pay for them, is not a very enticing or rose-coloured way of putting things, but it has

the merit of suggesting thoughts as to what is really best and possible for the selected candidates which are not undeserving of attentive consideration.

OFFICIAL CANDIDATES.

THE thoughts of the Republican party in France are chiefly taken up with speculations as to the action of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR during the coming elections. They are occupied to some extent, no doubt, with the date of the dissolution and with the composition of the list of Life Senators. But these are but preparations for the great event which is to put an end to the long uncertainty under what kind of Government the majority of the French people desire to live. For three years the appeal to the country has been challenged by the party in opposition and declined by the party in power, and the long delay has naturally made the former more anxious that, now that the appeal can be no longer delayed, it shall be frankly and fairly made. They have some reason to doubt whether this desire will be gratified. Ever since the Duke of BROGLIE took office, the Minister of the Interior has been alive to the fact that the conduct of the elections might prove to be one of the functions which had devolved on him, and there has all along been much to excite suspicion in the preparations which the DUKE and his successors have made to meet the possible emergency. The Duke of BROGLIE set himself to construct an Administration which should be a trustworthy representative of his policy throughout the country. The dearth of official experience among the Royalists prevented him from restricting the appointments to men of his own views, but he took care that, if he and his subordinates were not agreed upon the positive side of politics, they should at all events be agreed upon the negative side. If common loves were not to be had, there was no difficulty in finding common aversions. A system which made hatred of the Republic the one indispensable condition of obtaining employment under Government had the advantage of securing a large amount of practical ability which had been lying unused since 1870. There were Bonapartists in abundance wanting places, and they did not find it hard to satisfy the Duke of BROGLIE that for the present his and their objects were sufficiently alike to be safely pursued in common. When the Constitution of February came into being, the Republicans argued that M. BUFFET ought at once to dismiss the Bonapartist Prefects and sub-Prefects whom he had inherited from the Duke of BROGLIE. As we pointed out at the time, there were good reasons for not taking this decisive course until the officials in question had had a fair trial. To many of them the greatest virtue of the Empire was that it had given them position and income. A Republic which, instead of depriving them of these advantages, promised to confirm them in the possession of them, might in the end establish an equal claim on their affections. Unfortunately, M. BUFFET was not content with maintaining that their antecedents ought to be no bar to their employment. He took their part not merely when they were charged with being Bonapartists, but when they were charged, and charged truly, with importing Bonapartist traditions into the service of the Republic. This is the mistake which has done more than anything else to lose him the confidence even of moderate Republicans. He ought at least to have taught his Bonapartist subordinates that he was their master, and that, narrow as his conception of the Republic might be, he meant to impose it on all the servants of the Government. Instead of this he has allowed a belief to grow up that, in consideration of his subordinates being ready to oppose the Left at the elections, he will not inquire whether they are opposing it in the interest of the Republic that now is, or of the Empire that may one day be. It is this that has so quickened the fears of the Republicans with regard to official candidatures. Perhaps no Frenchman quite believes that an election could ordinarily be conducted without the Government allowing it to be known which of the candidates it wishes to win. If the Republicans could trust M. BUFFET to fight honestly for the Republic as established by the Constitution of February, they might even be willing to condone thus much of interference. But if the official staff are to use their powers not so much in behalf of the Republic of which M. BUFFET is professedly the Minister, as of the Empire to which the Republic has succeeded,

the Republicans feel that the worst characteristic of the Assembly may be reproduced in the new Chamber of Deputies, and that the nominal defenders of the Republican Constitution may in secret be among those who wish it most ill.

This was probably the fear that prompted M. GAMBETTA's speech in the course of the debates on the third reading of the Electoral Law. In form he was making a last effort on behalf of the *scrutin de liste*; in fact he was making an appeal to M. BUFFET to declare that there should be no official candidatures. He quoted a speech which M. BUFFET himself had made on the subject in April 1869, in which he compared a Government which tried to influence the elections to a man who put a screen between himself and the barometer, that he might not see the changes which indicated stormy weather. M. BUFFET's answer was singularly injudicious. He took no notice of M. GAMBETTA's speech, and neither repeated nor explained away his own words which had been quoted against him. He began, no doubt, with a rather clever sneer at M. GAMBETTA's denunciation of Imperialist candidates in 1871, but the rest of his speech was, with one exception, a mere repetition of the arguments against the *scrutin de liste*. The exception, however, was a remarkable one. An advocate has been known to discredit his own witness, but M. BUFFET is the first Minister, perhaps, who has tried to prove that the majority which raised him to power is destitute of any element of coherence. M. GAMBETTA had argued that the *scrutin de liste* enables the electors to declare what policy they wish their representatives to support, whereas the *scrutin d'arrondissement* merely enables them to declare who shall be their representatives, and, further, that it gives occasion for compromise and conciliation between the supporters of different shades of the same opinions. What reason is there to suppose, asked M. BUFFET, that the groups who made up the majority of the 25th of February have any common opinions; according to some, the Constitution then adopted is detestable, according to others, it is endurable until the day comes when it can be revised. According to some, it is a step towards a Republic; according to others, its sole value is in the guarantees that it provides against Republican excesses. The Government have opposed the *scrutin de liste* because it will not give them the majority they need, and they "appeal to the union of Conservative strength to defend the institutions and principles attacked by the Radical programme."

This is the most reactionary declaration that M. BUFFET has yet made. It is just such a union of Conservative strength as he here talks of that has for the last two years prevented the establishment of any definitive Government in France. One Minister after another has pledged himself to maintain institutions and principles to which he was afraid to give a name. Those who thought that in these institutions they could recognize the essentials of a Republic might accept them in that belief, but the Government has taken care that they shall not be able to quote any Ministerial declaration in proof of their theory. The natural result of such a state of things has been seen in the powerlessness of the Assembly to work the Republic that it has created. The majority of the 25th of February has done nothing, because directly it approached the region of administration, as distinguished from Constitution-making, it found that its component parts were all pulling different ways. M. BUFFET's description of this majority would have been perfectly in place if it had come as part of an argument deprecating the reproduction of a similar majority in the new Legislature. But, instead of deprecating this, M. BUFFET asks the country to send him up just such another Chamber as that from which he is now reluctantly parting. He adjures the electors not to trouble their heads about the Republic; but to band together in defence of "the institutions and principles attacked by the Radical programme." What these institutions and principles are he takes care not to say. His only aim seems to be to collect around him the largest possible number of factions who dislike the Left and everything that the Left likes. The fear of the Republican party is that the candidate of any one of these factions will be accepted if he plays his cards properly as the candidate who supports, not the Constitution of the 25th of February, but the Government which that Constitution has raised to power. There was nothing in M. BUFFET's speech to disappoint this expectation. He disclaimed, indeed, the ability to say what candidates would be elected, but even under the

Empire the Government never aspired to predict the future. It would have been more to the purpose if he had disclaimed the intention of using official machinery to secure the return of the candidates whom he wishes to be elected.

THE NAVY.

THE comedy, or, as some would perhaps call it, tragedy, of errors at the Admiralty is still played with unflagging spirit and a happy variety of incident. Every few days brings its providential disaster. It is true, indeed, that nothing more has happened to that sportive vessel, the *Iron Duke*, since her triumphant return to harbour, where she may be supposed to be for the present reposing on her laurels; that only one other ironclad has come to grief during the week; and that the news of the *Serapis*, on which the Admiralty is supposed to have concentrated all its mind, having again gone wrong, is only another chapter of an old story. Still it must, in justice, be admitted that, the Admiralty has, under the circumstances, made the most of its opportunities. When the *Iron Duke* had its third accident the other day, the Admiralty made haste to publish an official statement, intended to allay public alarm. It was admitted that for a time water had been pouring into the ship, and that nobody on board had any idea how the water was getting in; but the Lords of the Admiralty came forward to give their word of honour that there had been, and could be, "no possible danger." The philosophy of the department is strikingly conveyed in this expressive phrase. It shows that there is "no possible danger" which can dismay it, and impossible dangers of course never happen. The naval authorities are possessed by a pious faith in the supervision of the cherub who sits up aloft to take care of the life of poor JACK; and as long as nobody is drowned, the loss of a ship is a small matter. Indeed, one of the recent disasters would almost seem to suggest that the equanimity of the Board is not very seriously disturbed even by loss of life. It is highly characteristic of the logical acumen which pervades our naval administration that the Admiralty, after having publicly committed itself to a foregone conclusion, should institute an inquiry in order to ascertain the facts. An ordinary person would have had an inquiry first, and reserved judgment till afterwards; but nobody can say that Mr. WARD HUNT is an ordinary person. The points, however, to which the investigation is directed have somehow got out, and are said to be as follows:—Why the distress-signal was hoisted by Captain OLDFIELD without a consultation with the chief engineer; what "the supposed danger" was—for the Admiralty adheres to its innate conviction that the danger was purely imaginary; in what condition the ship was handed over by the dockyard authorities at Keyham; in what condition the ship was left by her late chief engineer; and who was to blame at Keyham for the improper fitting of the levers of the sluice-valves. It must be presumed that inquiry will also be made as to how it happened that, when the levers were wrongly marked, nobody discovered so vital an error till the sea was pouring into the ship. Then no doubt it was patent that something was the matter, but no one could say what it was, and the only idea of the Captain seems to have been to get boats from the shore to save himself and his crew as quickly as possible. It has already been explained that in dock the handles of the sluice-valves, which, when opened, admit sea-water, were wrongly marked. This means, we believe, that, while the label intimated "Shut," the valve was really wide open to the sea; and yet not one of all the people who had had to do with the ship had thought it worth while to verify the accuracy of the label. It would be hard to say what danger is not possible to a fleet in which officials afloat and ashore combine in such a conspiracy of gross neglect.

During the present week another ironclad has signalized herself in a way which Mr. WARD HUNT will no doubt think sufficiently covered by his statement that "one or two blunders" must, in the nature of things, always be expected; and in this case this expectation is perhaps more reasonable than might be supposed. On the 18th of August last the Royal yacht *Alberta* ran down the yacht *Mistletoe*, apparently in violation of the following rules of the road at sea, as laid down by Act of Parliament:—

"Art. 15. If two ships, one of which is a sailing ship and the other a steam ship, are proceeding in such direc-

"tions as to involve risk of collision, the steam ship shall keep out of the way of the sailing ship.

"Art. 16. Every steam ship when approaching another ship so as to involve risk of collision, shall slacken her speed, or, if necessary, stop and reverse; and every steam ship shall, when in a fog, go at a moderate speed.

"Art. 17. Every vessel overtaking any other vessel shall keep out of the way of the said last-mentioned vessel."

The Admiralty, after a confidential inquiry into this disaster, has arranged, or attempted to arrange, to pay various claims of compensation which have arisen from it, but has otherwise completely and persistently ignored it. The two chief officers of the Royal yacht have not been placed upon trial; and indeed they have even been exempted as a mark of favour from the ordinary regulations of the service as to the duration of staff appointments, and still retain their commands. Moreover, no intimation has been given by the Admiralty as to whether the rule of the road at sea is suspended in the case of QUEEN'S ships; but it is not unreasonable to infer that it approves that theory, though it has never received legal sanction. And now there has been another and very similar collision between the *Monarch* and the Norwegian ship *Halden*. This has not yet been the subject of an open inquiry, and it is possible that the accounts which have appeared may in some respects convey an inaccurate impression of what occurred. We may, however, take those given by the *Standard* as not likely to be wilfully unfavourable to the Admiralty. It appears from these statements that on Saturday afternoon last the *Monarch* and the *Minotaur* left Spithead together, and about three o'clock on Sunday morning they had all plain sail set in order to take advantage of a fresh breeze from the eastward, the *Monarch* being about four cables astern of the *Minotaur*, and both going at about twelve knots an hour under sail and steam. At the hour named, the look-out man on the *Monarch* reported to Lieutenant OLDFIELD—an unfortunate family name, it would seem—the officer of the watch, that a large vessel was right aboard; and then the report adds:—"She"—that is, the *Halden*—"could be distinctly seen, her lights burning brightly; she was working on the wind, whilst the *Monarch* was going free. The officer of the watch should have sheered the ship out of line to give the stranger room to pass, as the latter was on her proper course. For some yet unexplained reason, Lieutenant OLDFIELD kept the *Monarch* on her course. He might have thought the ship would clear, or have depended on the merchantman going off a point or two. The *Halden*, however, kept straight on her course, as was her duty, and at ten minutes past three struck the *Monarch*." The latter was then put hard a-port, and a second collision immediately followed. We need not go into the details of damage to both ships, or into the question whether the *Monarch* was backward in going to the assistance of the Norwegian. All that we wish to point out is that, if this account is correct, the *Monarch* clearly broke the rules which we have quoted above, and is entitled to quote the precedent of the *Alberta* in excuse. According to a report attributed to Lieutenant OLDFIELD, the *Monarch* was going at only eight and a half knots an hour—but nowadays officers of ironclads are, under the sanction of the Admiralty, not particular to a knot or two—and "the strange vessel, being within two hundred yards, struck the *Monarch* on the port quarter before there was time to sheer her away." The question is, however, which vessel ought to have got out of the way in time.

It will no doubt again be said that it is impossible for Mr. WARD HUNT himself to do the work of every officer in the navy, and that he ought not to be made responsible for another person's rashness or incapacity. But here again we have to ask whether Mr. WARD HUNT's administration of the navy does not encourage officers to be careless and reckless. When a fatal accident occurs he takes no notice of it; when another accident, not attended by fatal consequences, occurs he pooch-poochs it as "one or two blunders," and congratulates himself that only a ship has been lost. Moreover, it should be observed that, while the officers of the *Vanguard* were no doubt justly punished for breaking down in their signals, and for the general want of resource, promptitude, and decision which they displayed, the effort which they made to avoid collision with the sailing-ship on their bows was passed over. There can be no doubt that, if they had gone on, they would have destroyed the other ship; and though they certainly ought

not to have failed to give a signal to the *Iron Duke*, this fault was matched both by the *Iron Duke* and by the flag-ship, and the immunity accorded to the REAR-ADMIRAL and Captain HICKLEY contrasts significantly with the severity of the sentence on Captain DAWKINS. As the evidence stands, the REAR-ADMIRAL confessed his utter ignorance of any signal by which he could order a reduction of speed; and it is also admitted that the flag-ship made a mistake as to the ordinary signal indicating her position when the fog came on, inasmuch as, instead of a large gun, for which no ammunition was at hand, a small gun was fired which could scarcely be heard. The whistle of the *Iron Duke* was also out of order and silent, and Captain HICKLEY had no idea of the speed at which his ship was going, and dispensed with reports from the engine-room. That these grave errors have been ignored or condoned by the Admiralty is a sufficient proof of the sort of teaching which it is impressing on the service. Captain DAWKINS, who at least spared the foreign ship, is disgraced, while Captain HICKLEY is justified in his negligence; Rear-Admiral TABLETON remains in command of the Reserve Squadron, and is held up as an honourable example of seamanlike duty, certified by the Board; and the Prince of LEININGEN and Captain WELSH are also rewarded for their eccentric navigation.

At the present time the condition of the navy, at all times of vital consequence, is especially important. In other branches of administration the Government has displayed a degree of courage and decision which is admitted even by their political opponents; but it is evident that a strong policy cannot be safely followed up with a navy in disorder. It is due to the Ministry itself, no less than to the country, that this deplorable and dangerous state of things should be immediately remedied, and the remedy is sufficiently obvious.

M. SCHNEIDER.

THE death of M. SCHNEIDER naturally calls attention to the career of a man who once occupied a prominent political position, and who obtained in another field a far greater success than in that of politics. M. SCHNEIDER was the greatest of French manufacturers, and he was this because he had that quality in which Frenchmen are so often deficient, the love of enterprise. He was a bold man, eager to seize on what was new, contemplating and devising everything on a large scale. The works of Creusot have a European fame, and M. SCHNEIDER not only worked them but made them. Originally they had been set up by NAPOLEON, who wished to produce arms and tools, like everything else, for himself, had no fear of the magnitude of anything, and was lavish of the fruits of conquest when expenditure gratified a whim or promised any special advantage. Under the Restoration the glories of Creusot factory faded away. Without patronage, funds, or competent management, it produced less and less, until, in the time of LOUIS PHILIPPE, it was sold for a small sum as a bad bargain to M. SCHNEIDER and his brother. He superintended the commercial management of the affair, and his brother, whose knowledge of mechanical theory was very considerable, superintended the scientific part of the undertaking. In 1845 the brother died, and M. SCHNEIDER worked on alone. Like all men who are very successful in business, he was a keen judge of men. He knew whom to employ, and, although, when it was known that he was willing to adopt and pay for inventions, inventors besieged him in flocks, he is said very rarely to have made a mistake, and to have judged with unflinching tact between those who had invented something practically useful and those who had not. A French eulogist states—we do not know with what truth—that he set up a steam hammer two years before there was one in England. But at any rate he worked, he schemed, he invented or adopted inventions, and he thrived, until at the time of his death he was employing 12,000 workmen in his vast establishment. The dream of his life was to rival, and, if possible, to beat, English producers. He argued that France offered materials dearer perhaps than those of England, but, as he thought, better; and could supply a set of workmen with more native intelligence than the English mechanical labourer. All that was wanted was time, resolution, and not being afraid of the name of England. He had plenty of courage and self-reliance.

He gradually saw his men becoming more expert, he found abundance of mechanical ingenuity and knowledge at his command. A French SMILES would offer him as the model of self-help, and he proved that a self-helping Frenchman was a possibility. At last he had the special reward he longed for. The crowning triumph of his life was one day achieved, and he received an order for fourteen locomotives from England. France supplying England with engines was something to him equally wonderful and glorious, and he was the man who had brought this great thing about. Had he died that day he would have died happy. But he lived to see the fall of the Empire, the breakdown of French administration, and the seizure by the conqueror of a large slice of his native Lorraine.

His general ability and his business reputation made him at one time Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and for several years President of the Assembly under the Second Empire. As a President he was efficient, and although it was not very glorious or very difficult to preside over the tame and accordant Assemblies of the Empire, yet it was something that he got through his duties in a courteous and business-like way. He could not be accused of obsequiousness to his master, and he once actually resigned because he considered that the bestowal of a high dignity in the Legion of Honour on M. DAVID, a conspicuous reactionary Bonapartist, implied a determination on the part of the EMPEROR to go away from the paths of comparative Liberalism in which M. SCHNEIDER wished to see him move. The EMPEROR removed his apprehensions, and M. SCHNEIDER retained his post; but he had had the satisfaction of showing that his services were not to be had on terms that wounded his self-respect. Imperialists honourable enough to be independent were precious in the eyes of the EMPEROR from their rarity, and it was natural that he should see in M. SCHNEIDER a conspicuous type of the kind of supporter who gave the Empire its real strength. M. SCHNEIDER was an Imperialist because the Empire allowed Creusot to flourish. The Empire to him meant wealth, order, internal tranquillity. These were the things that the owner of Creusot wanted, and he was on the side of those who gave him what he was looking for. There is nothing very grand in such a way of looking at things. M. SCHNEIDER cannot be said to have been a high-minded, far-seeing politician. As he used to say of himself, he was not really a politician at all. He was merely the owner of a factory, anxious to buy order and tranquillity in the best shop he could find. The EMPEROR, so far as he could see, had the ware he wanted for sale, and so he went to the EMPEROR's shop. But he went there as an independent customer, and would not eat dirt to be first served. Such men are at once the strength and the weakness of political parties. They are most useful to the party they support; but they will support any party that gives them what they want. If the Orleansists had continued to reign and to govern, M. SCHNEIDER would have been a faithful and admiring subject of LOUIS PHILIPPE and his grandson. If he were beginning life now, and saw the Republic consolidated, a man like M. SCHNEIDER would be a Republican, and would be content with the delight of fixing his own inexpressible shade of Conservatism. To win to his side persons of such a stamp the PRINCE IMPERIAL has to show that he can offer the unperturbed order and the constant tranquillity which no one else can offer. The predecessor of M. SCHNEIDER in the Presidency of the Assembly, the Duke of MORNAY, was a specimen of an Imperialist of an exactly opposite type. The Duke of MORNAY was one of those men who win success for the unsuccessful. M. SCHNEIDER was one of those men who frankly recognize the merits of success when it has been obtained. The Imperialist party is now in the hands of pale copies of the Duke of MORNAY. The day when new copies of M. SCHNEIDER will enlist in its service appears at present to be somewhat distant.

In some measure, however, the closing days of M. SCHNEIDER's life are those which do him most honour. He set himself to draw with much fortitude and patriotism for himself and others the right lesson from the disasters of the German war. He endeavoured to seek, and to teach his countrymen to seek, their revenge in harder work, stricter discipline, and better management. Shortly before the war broke out he had suffered from the most serious strike that had ever been known in France. He had the advantage or disadvantage of being able to call to his aid the military force which in France under the Second Empire was at the command of the friends of order. But fortunately there was no ill-will between him and his men

to be overcome. They owned that he was a good master, kind, thoughtful, and generous. Their only objection to him was that he was not a Socialist, but preferred making money for himself to making it for other people. The melancholy experience of the Commune probably did something to enlighten those in his employment, and since the war French workmen out of Paris have thought more of getting their daily bread than of upsetting the foundations of society. The state of things at Creusot has recently been perfectly satisfactory, and M. SCHNEIDER's workmen are said to have shown on the occasion of his death a lively sense of the greatness of their loss. Creusot has flourished lately as it used to flourish in its best days. But it was not enough for M. SCHNEIDER that Creusot should flourish. He wished in some special way to be of service to his country. He had noticed how France in the hour of trial had collapsed, as in everything else, so very conspicuously in the supply of arms. He thought that it would be useful to show what private enterprise could do to remedy the evil and to prevent a recurrence of it. He wished that there should be at least one private establishment in France from which the Government could get a supply of arms of good quality, of the most approved pattern, and perfected by the stimulation of French inventiveness. As it happened to be arms that M. SCHNEIDER undertook to supply, it might be said that his patriotism took the mistaken form of fostering and facilitating the desire for a war of revenge. But to say this is to do him injustice. It was the lack of private enterprise acting in concurrence with the Government, animating it by rivalry, and offering it a standard of cheapness and excellence, that he had noticed as one of the wants of France. In nothing had this want been more manifest than in the deficient supply and bad quality of weapons of war. This particular want was one that M. SCHNEIDER could supply, and he set himself, amid the weakness and sorrows of old age, and under the pressure of repeated attacks of a dangerous illness, to supply it. He has died, having deserved well of his country; and as there are not many Frenchmen of whom on their death it will be possible to say as much, his name merits at least as much honour as his countrymen, in their present mood of bitter political hatreds and scornful injustice to all who have ever been distinguished under the Second Empire, are likely to accord to it.

DENOMINATIONALISTS AND SECULARISTS.

A CORRESPONDENCE has lately been going on in the *Times* which is interesting as presenting two eminent secularists in open antagonism to one another. The controversy had its origin in a condemnation passed by Mr. FORSTER in his recent speech at Bradford on the Canadian plan of allowing subscriptions to voluntary schools to count as payments towards an education rate. Mr. AUBERON HERBERT considers that this plan contains the solution of our educational difficulties. He is a secularist, he says, because he does not wish to pay for or indirectly strengthen a system of teaching with which he does not agree. A man ought not, he thinks, to be made to contribute towards the support of a school the tone, atmosphere, and management of which he disapproves. Hitherto the sufferers under this injustice have been chiefly secularists who have been made to contribute towards the support of Denominational schools; but by and by the wheel may have turned round, and denominationalists may be subjected to a similar wrong by being made to contribute towards the support of secularist schools. Mr. HERBERT frankly allows that he is afraid of the use to which secularists will put their power when they are once in possession of it, and he would be glad to see this danger guarded against by the adoption of a plan "which would remove from every mind a sense of personal unfairness, and would leave the energies of every minority free to work in their own direction."

This attempt to put a bit into the mouth of the secularists beforehand has excited the wrath of Mr. JOHN MORLEY. It is not, he thinks, an adequate definition of secularism to say that it is unwillingness to pay for a system of teaching with which the person paying does not agree. The true secularists, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. DALE, and Mr. MORLEY, have never, it turns out, cared very much about the point of conscience. At all events, the point of conscience is secondary in their estimation to "the purely political principle that the provision of elementary

"schools is a matter of public concern and obligation, and that their maintenance and control rightfully belong to civil and municipal bodies." In schools thus maintained and controlled instruction ought to be strictly secular. If any one objects to a secular school on conscientious grounds, he is perfectly free to send his child to a Denominational school, provided that he pays for it out of his own pocket. The Canadian plan removes some elementary schools from the control of civil and municipal bodies, and enables objectors to send their children to Denominational schools without paying for it out of their own pockets. Consequently, the Canadian plan is a "mere device for maintaining the 'sectarian system,' and must be opposed by consistent secularists on the purely political principle aforesaid. In the *Times* of Wednesday, Mr. AUBERON HERBERT replies to Mr. MORLEY at great length, and with much vivacity; but it must have been pain and grief to him to find, when he read his letter in print, that his adversary had not waited for his attack. Following close upon his own letter comes one from Mr. MORLEY, conceding the very point which Mr. HERBERT had, quite naturally and fairly, supposed him to deny. The "purely political principle that the 'provision of elementary schools is a matter of public concern and obligation,' dwindles down in Mr. MORLEY's second letter to the very much less imposing statement that it is a matter of public concern and obligation supposing that it is not first made a matter of private concern and obligation. In common with Mr. HERBERT we had supposed Mr. MORLEY to mean that the children of the State are properly the care of the State, and that the limitation of this doctrine to elementary schools had been merely put in because of the hardness of our hearts. In that happier time when great principles will be allowed their free course, a State constructed after Mr. MORLEY's pattern would have that control of education which was once claimed by the Church, and would set itself with as much zeal and as little permanent success to turn out minds of one and the same type. It is disappointing to learn that this imposing, if alarming, vision does not exist even in Mr. MORLEY's imagination. "If all parents," he says, "were so alive to the value of secular instruction as to be 'willing both to send their children to school, and to pay for their schooling, civil and municipal bodies would 'have no part nor lot in the matter.'"

If this is all that Mr. MORLEY means when he calls the provision of elementary schools a matter of public concern and obligation, he will not find many people to differ from him. After all, when he puts off his Radical clothing, he is not so very different from a Conservative. If Mr. MORLEY were quite consistent, he would acknowledge that a makeshift cannot well be raised to the rank of a political principle, and that if municipal and civil bodies are merely to provide schools and to see that children attend them, when the parents are unable or unwilling to do these things for themselves, the particular conditions under which these bodies are to provide them can hardly be more than a matter of arrangement. What suits one place and one time may not equally suit another. Given of course that the elementary schools come up to a certain standard, the best method of providing them will be that which provides them with least cost to the community; and it is conceivable, at all events, that the Canadian plan may answer this description in some cases. But Mr. MORLEY is so determined to leave no loophole through which the Canadian plan may find an entrance, that he will not allow the provision of elementary schools to be a matter of arrangement. Accordingly he sets to work to find a principle which shall serve him better. State schools, he says, should be strictly secular institutions, because the State is a strictly secular organization. But, as Mr. HERBERT has pointed out by anticipation, this is nothing more than a re-introduction of that point of conscience which Mr. MORLEY had disclaimed in his first letter. Why is the State a secular organization, except that secular ends are the ends which its members find it easiest to pursue in common? And why should State schools be strictly secular institutions except it be that persons professing one religion object to pay for the education of children in another religion? In Mr. HERBERT's words, "you will find the hurt conscience at the bottom of it 'always and everywhere.'" Mr. MORLEY, however, is determined that, if the hurt conscience is to be at the bottom of it, it shall be somebody else's hurt conscience

and not his. So he immediately goes on to say that "the fact of a ratepayer disapproving this system"—the system under which State Schools are strictly secular institutions—"and subscribing to other schools, cannot rightly 'absolve him from paying his education rate.'" If this statement stood alone we should have no disposition to quarrel with it. All questions of taxation have a certain element of give and take in them, and while it is obviously expedient not to irritate people by forcing them to support institutions which they disapprove, it is impossible to lay down a universal rule on the subject without running the risk of depriving the State of money which it is absolutely necessary that it should have. But then Mr. MORLEY has no right to claim under all circumstances for one type of schools that which he refuses to concede under any circumstances to another type of schools. Probably he will say that while it is a very great hardship to make a secularist contribute towards a Denominational school, it is no hardship to make a Denominationalist contribute towards a secularist school, the reason being that in the one case a religion which the taxpayer thinks untrue is taught, while in the other case the only grievance is that a religion which the taxpayer thinks true is not taught. It appears to us that the relative value of these grievances does not admit of being measured. It depends entirely on the feelings of those who have to endure them. In our judgment neither of them is any grievance very terrible. We would rather have children taught a religion than not taught one, and we would rather have children who are not taught a religion taught the elements of secular knowledge than taught nothing. Under certain circumstances the State may fairly, we think, disregard both varieties of that tender plant, the controversial conscience, and compel, as it does now in England, secularists to contribute to Denominationalist schools and Denominationalists to contribute to secularist schools. But we have no wish to see this practice dignified with the name of a principle, and no disposition to deny that, if the necessary schools could be provided without making any one pay for the maintenance of a kind of education which he disapproves, a very fertile source of irritation would be got rid of.

MUTUAL MISCONCEPTIONS.

MOST unreflecting persons probably would regard the existence in men of some faculty of understanding one another's ideas as an axiomatic truth. They might triumphantly point to the fact that all the complex operations of society proceed on this certainty of mutual comprehension. Yet, in spite of so self-evident a truism, a thoughtful person will be led to inquire how far this very desirable power really reaches, and whether there is not a considerable margin in most men's minds which never exactly coincides with the line of vision of their most intimate friends.

That we have no perfect intuitive knowledge of each other's minds, apart from the media of language and expression, most men would probably allow. And when once the slow and cumbersome process of learning each other's ideas by language is distinctly apprehended, the numerous liabilities to be misunderstood cannot fail to be recognized. Indeed this danger seems so to have haunted the imagination of the philosopher Reid that he fell back on the comfortable doctrine that certain features of the countenance, sounds of the voice, &c., indicate certain thoughts and dispositions of the mind, and that the meaning of these is known independently of experience. Very grateful though the doctrine would prove, it does not appear to have been adopted by the philosopher's successors. It seems to be rendered highly improbable by the fact that, however nicely and accurately the connexion of thought and word maintains itself in most cases, it may and does frequently give way, and the consequence is a dismal and hopeless misunderstanding. Any thoughtful person who has carefully observed the effects of his words will be able to recall many cases in which all his attempts to describe to a patient listener some subtle shade of sentiment or intricate process of conviction ended in a humiliating failure. Nor does one see how this could well be otherwise so long as the process prettily described as communion of souls is limited to a precarious mode of interpreting so complex a set of signs as vocal sounds, with all the subtle visible changes that make up expression.

The ability of one man to understand the ideas of another seems to pre-suppose several distinct conditions. The first and chief is that the experiences of the two men should have been similar. Human life is in so many respects a dull repetition that we are very apt to overlook the need of such community of experience. Thus the terms in which old age describes its larger vistas fall well nigh meaningless on the ears of youth. Still more is this power of importing ideas limited when the thing to be conceived is some special subjective experience. There are numerous varieties of feeling not common to all men which it is

clearly impossible to make intelligible to the most sympathetic friend unless he himself has experienced something of the particular emotion. Not to speak of sentiments limited by age and sex, the subtle shades of emotion producible by music are confessedly a *terra incognita* to one destitute of the particular organic susceptibility. His most assiduous musical friends cannot even bring him within sight of it. Little wonder, then, that people so frequently shape the oddest conceptions of each other's meaning when the terms employed have a significance for one which they cannot have for the other. Your polite listener tries of course to infuse some life into the otherwise dead members of your vocabulary, and the ambiguities of language easily enable him to find an undesigned interpretation. In like manner, the limits of individual experience impress their stamp on the habitual ordering of a person's ideas, making it practically impossible for him to conceive things otherwise than thus or thus. The effects of a narrow individual experience in predisposing to the formation of certain combinations of ideas, and in rendering all conflicting forms proportionately difficult, have been a frequent theme of philosophers. Take, for instance, the gloomy view of human nature cherished by certain religious sects. Possibly their own observation has made them unduly familiar with the lowest attributes of our race. In any case they persist in thinking of their fellow-creatures as of precisely one dye, and seem incapable of entering into any of those more cheerful affirmations respecting human destiny which are the light and joy of others.

Yet, while narrowness of life and observation does much to impede a free and flexible mode of conceiving things, peculiarity of mental conformation probably does much more. Our various experiences have, it is presumable, some remote tendency to uniformity; but in spite of social tyrannies individual character will never, it may be hoped, undergo utter effacement. How peculiar temperament and modes of feeling serve to determine the beliefs which we entertain has long been a matter of psychological observation. Scarcely less clear perhaps is the effect they produce in shaping and colouring the very ideas we conceive. We may observe this distinctly enough in the common phenomenon of a conceited youth whose philosophy invariably includes himself as central pivot of the universe. Such a preoccupied imagination is unequal to the strain of conceiving other Egos besides his own with impulses and aspirations just as real as his. Strong emotional elements in a character may be seen magnetically selecting, so to speak, the ideas to be framed and the modes of their combination. Thus it is a matter of common remark that a fine æsthetic sensibility predisposes a man to dwell on ideas of beauty, harmony, and so on, and to predicate relations to these ideas of as many subjects as possible. Such a one may easily become quite incapacitated for conceiving any repulsive fact or unlovely theory of life. Again, a too delicate moral feeling may, as is well known, unfit a person for adequately conceiving all the circumstances of a wrong action, and so appreciating its precise character. For a like reason, those not endowed with the particular degree of emotional bias will fail to enter into many of the ideas and modes of thought generated by it. It is very doubtful, for example, whether, among the critics of Plato, either Aristotle or Grote was really capable of conceiving, largely and adequately, the highly poetic creations of the philosopher's peculiar system.

With respect to purely intellectual idiosyncrasy, its effects in facilitating certain forms of thought and discouraging others is a very subtle matter, and is, we suspect, very apt to be overlooked. Yet it is probable that every mind by its inherent bent leans much more to some kinds of images and modes of thought than to others. In some cases this is clear enough. We speak familiarly of the peculiar style of thought of Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning, and refer not so much to any emotional characteristics as to stamp of idea and groove of intellectual motion. The commonest instance of such intellectual bent actually excluding interchange of ideas is to be found perhaps in the contrast of the strongly abstract and speculative with the concrete and practical mind. How hard it is for practical statesmen to think themselves, to use a German expression, into a set of purely theoretic considerations, has often been noticed. Nor is a rigid theorist likely to understand the value of propositions which are urged, not on any abstract grounds, but solely because of their fitness to a definite and concrete set of circumstances of the hour. One may see, too, in contemporary philosophical dispute abundant illustrations of misconception brought about simply by unequal and dissimilar conceptive powers. It is obvious, for example, that in order to conceive the psychological hypothesis that our feeling of necessity in certain truths is derived solely from innumerable and uncontradicted experiences, a person must be able to represent to himself with some degree of clearness a state of mind in which this feeling was wanting; as, for example, a child's view of nature, or the notions a man would possess in an imaginary world where there were no such things as uniform and unbroken laws. And it may be remembered that Mr. Mill makes some very courageous assertions as to his own ability to picture to his mind this absence of necessity. On the other hand, when one reads any of the numerous utterances on the other side, one strongly suspects that the writer may be incapable of framing this conception, and that, whenever he is speaking of the process by which the feeling of necessity is generated, he is really tacitly postulating its existence.

In this way it seems to be true that individual differences of temperament, education, and experience are continually limiting both the number and quality of a man's ideas, and the modes in which they group themselves. And from this cause arises what

may be called perhaps the natural boundary to all community of thought. The familiar communications of mind to mind by means of articulate speech are, after all, but a very rough mechanical device, the precise end aimed at being never probably exactly attained, owing to the retarding friction of the causes just assigned. At the same time it must be apparent that the range of possible misconception may be indefinitely reduced by persons' voluntary efforts. Although natural barriers may shut us out from a perfect ideal understanding of one another's sentiments and thoughts, what has most to do with the common cases of misunderstanding is the avoidable and curable carelessness of people in not using all available means of understanding the opinions of others.

No doubt the duty of patient attention to the communications of one's companions is nominally enforced by society as a part of ordinary courtesy. Provided, of course, that a talker or writer has fairly made out that he has something to communicate, and evidently takes certain pains to make his utterances as clear as possible, it is commonly admitted that he is entitled to a respectful hearing. Indeed some people whom one occasionally meets in society seem somewhat too eager to fulfil this graceful obligation, and are rarely rude enough to allow you to go to the trouble of explaining yourself. To such persons it never appears to occur that you may possibly have an entirely new idea to impart to them. They apparently regard the region of the knowable as a very limited and clearly defined quantity, and, with a kindness worthier of a better service, attempt the obstetric art of catching your thoughts before they escape your lips. But, excepting this class of mistaken friends, people for the most part appear in conversation much too intent on airing their own ideas to give adequate heed to those of their neighbours. Occasionally one may, it is true, observe a knot of spell-bound listeners eagerly striving to outdo one another in seizing the magic meaning of some parlour oracle. In this case the stimulus to patient attention is supplied by a high degree of reverence, and still more perhaps by the keen desire of outwitting one's rivals. But where the speaker is comparatively unknown, the chances of his being fully heard and his meaning appreciated are very slender indeed. What ardent youth has not frequently smarted under the mortification of finding all his eloquent efforts to instruct his fair auditor in some favourite social or other speculation rendered cruelly abortive by the lady's unforeseen and unsuspected inattention? However needful it may be to practise this species of snubbing on too confident enthusiasts—and this mode of execution, like all others, is never likely to want its unscrupulous volunteers—it does seem a little hard that when a man has really something of value to say, about which he has thought long and patiently, he should so often find it immensely difficult to secure a just hearing. That nobody professes to listen to him would not so much matter; but that, while pretending to do so, people's minds should really be pre-occupied and inattentive, is, we conceive, a fair subject for blame.

In like manner, with respect to that rapidly increasing class which seeks to diffuse its intellectual creations by means of literature, they can hardly complain if nobody reads their incubations. For they are able to compete on a perfectly just footing with all others, and they may easily reflect that, unless they have something of paramount interest to divulge, they are exceedingly liable to be overwhelmed in the crowd. But they may reasonably complain when critics or literary disputants commit the silliest acts of misconception through sheer intellectual indolence. We are far from condemning in a sweeping manner the whole method of contemporary criticism. We believe, on the contrary, there never was a time when there was more conscientious effort than at present to understand and estimate the worth of any new contributions to literature. Nevertheless, one still meets too frequently with instances of the shallowest understanding of a work due solely to the infinitesimal quantity of cerebral energy that was concentrated on the reading of it. It has frequently been asserted that a man's ideas, if worth much, will require some amount of diligent study for their adequate comprehension. Yet, in spite of this, how easily does the pseudo-critic dismiss as worthless a train of argument which he has never seriously tried to grasp! Nor is this literary injustice always confined to the professional reviewer. In the disputes of philosophy and science, not to speak of the more turbid region of politics, one is constantly observing the most egregious instances of careless reproduction of other men's ideas. Indeed, if we are to accept the complaints of writers like Mr. Spencer, there must be an amount of culpable misrepresentation which is really quite dismaying to those who are fondly looking forward to a progressive convergence of certified opinion. It might be as well, perhaps, for critics and adversaries to remember that the nature of the human mind has imposed sufficiently rigid limits to mutual comprehension, and that from this source alone there will probably always, for the more sensitive, flow enough of the misery of being misunderstood, without any addition from avoidable and voluntary negligence.

INSULAR FRANCE.

EVERY Englishman who has gone beyond his own island must have noticed one of the great results of living in an island—namely, that there are many things which the island does in one way, while the rest of the world does them in another way. This is not only an obvious truth, but it is a very important one; it explains a good many historical puzzles, and supplies the answer

to many half-learned cavils. It is certain that, irrespectively of race, language, and religion, there are many points of habit and feeling in which the only division that we can make is to put the islanders on one side and continentals on the other. The point needs no proof. Our insular position is brought home to us at every moment of foreign travel, or in any dealings with men of any other nation. But signs are not wanting that another division is growing up, and that for some purposes there is an opposition, not between the island and the mainland, but between one part of the mainland together with the island, and another part of the mainland. And the change is the more remarkable because that part of the mainland which seems to be cutting itself off from the rest is that very part which for a long time seemed to be the most typical part of the mainland. Our forefathers not many generations back looked on Frenchmen and foreigners as the same thing. Don Juan was a Spaniard, but he was at once called a Frenchman, not indeed without an epithet, by the Englishman whom he knocked down. Mr. Earle tells us that walnuts are called "Welsh nuts" in Somerset and "French nuts" in Devonshire, because by the time that the nut of Jove reached Devonshire, "French" had supplanted "Welsh" as the common name for anything strange. And we still in several things keep up the habit of supposing all foreigners to be Frenchmen. If we are uncertain as to a man's nationality, as to his proper title or description, we always put "M." as the formula which will do for all nations and all titles. We seldom think of using "Herr" or "Signor" in the same general way. The first rough impression of the traveller looks the same way. He instinctively takes France as the type of foreign parts, and he expects that where France differs from England, other countries may be expected to differ from England and to agree with France. And no doubt, in a great many points which strike the traveller, this always has been so and still is so. There are many things in which a French, German, and Italian diligence, railway, inn, and the like agree with one another and differ from the English things which answer severally to them. Yet there are several points, and points of special importance to travellers, in which it would seem that France is beginning to split off from the great continental body, and to set up for herself in ways and fashions of her own. Or it would be truer to say that, in several points in which other nations have been lately mending their ways, France has lagged behind, and has obstinately refused to mend hers. It puts the geography of the world in a new light if you go into an Italian post-office and there study the notice which tells you the postage to all parts of the world. You see what at first sight seems to be a division of the world into its civilized and its barbarous portions. You see two long columns, in the first of which your eye is caught by such names as Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, the United States, the European and civilized parts of the world generally. In the other column you see China, Japan, and other remote parts of the world, and it would be nothing wonderful if the list went on to take in the Cannibal Islands and the land where the men's heads grow between their shoulders. But suppose your dealings happen to be with France, suppose you want to know what your letter or parcel will cost if sent to that country. You instinctively look for France along with England, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, but you look through the column in vain. In the list of the civilized parts of the world, you find Serbia, Egypt, Turkey, and Montenegro; but you do not find France. You look to the other column, and there you find France, along with China and Japan, among barbaric nations and distant European colonies. The meaning of this seemingly strange geographical division is, of course, simply that, while all the other nations of Europe have joined the new Postal Union, France has as yet not done so. As long as the rest of Europe and some parts of America and Africa agree to do a thing which France does not yet agree to do, France must be left out in the cold among the barbarians and the colonists.

But if the explanation is simple, the fact of which it is the explanation is none the less strange. That France, a country which has sometimes professed to take the lead in Europe, alike in arts and in arms, should stand in the way of a great public improvement on which all the rest of Europe is agreed, is in itself a remarkable fact. It is indeed only for a season. With the beginning of the next year, France is to enter the Union along with the other European States; on the first day of next January the lists in the Italian post-offices will doubtless show France transferred from the company of distant or barbarous lands to the company of her civilized neighbours. Still here is the fact that, while other nations have been ready to accept a great reform, France has lagged behind and has kept aloof for a season. For some months past, while we have had a uniform and intelligible postal reckoning for all Europe and for some lands out of Europe, if we have had to send a letter to France we have had to fall back upon a different rate of postage and an utterly unintelligible scale of weights. For some months past it has been possible to send a post-card for five farthings, or thereabouts, from California to Constantinople and St. Petersburg, possibly to Bagdad and Kamtschatka. But if a man, used to this privilege between so many other parts of the world, should think of sending a post-card from Dover to Calais, he has to check himself, for France, is not in the Union. Italy, Spain, Portugal are all members of the Union. You are entitled to send half-ounce letters to them for twopence-halfpenny, if they can get there by any route which lies wholly through the lands of the Union. But for all Spain and Portugal, and for some parts of Italy, the one refractory State bars the way.

If the letter is to go by the quickest route, it forfeits the privilege on which the combined wisdom of Europe has agreed. Here is a state of things which is presently to cease, and which, when it ceases, will have lasted half a year only. Next year, unless France makes some change in her internal postage, letters will go at a practically cheaper rate to Russia and America than from one part of France to another. This will in itself be a phenomenon, and it seems strange enough that Frenchmen should sit down quietly under a tax on their daily correspondence double or treble what is paid in most other countries. But this is not the point. The point is that, while so many other countries were ready to accept a great international improvement on a given day, France was not ready to accept it till six months later, and has thereby thrown the correspondence of a considerable part of Europe into confusion.

To take another point, it is a strange thing that, while so large a part of Europe has formally or silently abolished the nuisance of passports, it should still go on in its full force on every French frontier. To be sure, we islanders are so far privileged that a declaration of nationality does as well as a passport; but if you are to be stopped and asked questions, it is hardly more trouble to show the passport than to make the declaration of nationality. The absurd thing is the stopping people and asking them questions at all. You are not stopped or asked questions, except as to the contents of your luggage, at a German, an Austrian, or a Belgian frontier. From our own experience, we should have added an Italian frontier also. But possibly we have been exceptionally lucky; we have certainly never seen or heard of anything like the strange scene which a late correspondent of the *Times* has described as having taken place on board an Austrian steamer in the port of Brindisi. Nay, in the actual seat of war, if you cross from Dalmatia into Herzegovina, you are recommended to carry a Turkish visa; but, when you have got it, you may pass by a whole Turkish regiment without anybody asking to see it. But go in or out of France, and you must show your passport, declare your nationality, utter the mystical word "Anglais," or do something or other which other States think it needless to ask you to do. The explanation is said to be that France is still engaged in looking out for Communists, and that the object of questioning everybody is to find out whether he belongs to the dangerous class. A Communist must surely be a very simple kind of being, if he allows himself to be caught in this kind of fashion. It is quite certain that a really dangerous man will find some way or other of having everything in perfect order. It is strange that France should find it so much harder than other nations to grasp the fact that the only people likely to be caught are stupid, harmless bodies, who are quite certain to do no mischief to anybody but themselves.

Then again, in the mere process of travelling there are one or two points in which other nations seem to be drawing nearer to more reasonable usages, but in which France stands out alone. Every traveller, on arriving in France for the first time, has doubtless grumbled at being pent up in a room without air till just before his train starts, while in England he can walk about the platform and take his seat at his leisure. He has doubtless grumbled at his imprisonment as an infringement of his personal liberty. He has complained of it as sinning against the good rule of "first come first served." He has perhaps noticed how hard it is in infirm and aged persons, who are sure to be the last in a general scuffle, and who are driven to take the worst places when they might fairly look for the best. Now this custom, which every traveller must have grumbled at some time or other, is certainly not exclusively French. Absolute freedom in all cases is exclusively English. But the imprisonment, if not exclusively, is certainly characteristically French. In other countries you are very often imprisoned, but you are sometimes allowed freedom. In France indeed the imprisonment seems to be looked on as having a kind of *opus operatum* efficacy. For instance, you reach Belleville by one of the local trains, meaning to change to the express which runs from Geneva to Paris. When passport and custom-house are done with, you are allowed to sit down on the platform as though you were in England. You think that a reform has taken place and that you have escaped all danger of imprisonment. But, no; the rite may be postponed, but it must be gone through sooner or later. You may sit on the platform till the train draws near; when it draws near, you must go through the place of punishment before you can be allowed to take your seat.

There is one more grievance in French travelling which might surely be put an end to with a very slight effort. Everywhere else the Railway Companies have, sooner or later, grasped the simple truth that, by providing separate carriages for those who smoke and for those who do not, they earn the blessings of both classes, while by compelling them to travel together they earn the curses of both. If smoking is forbidden everywhere, the smoker thinks himself injured, and the law is most likely trampled under foot; if smoking is allowed everywhere, those who dislike smoking are liable to be annoyed every moment. If smoking is allowed in some carriages and forbidden in others, each sect may be happy after its own fashion, and, both in England and in most parts of the Continent, each sect may now be happy after its own fashion. In France this great and simple truth is but very partially understood. We believe that there are lines where the distinction has been made, but it certainly has not been made on some of the greatest lines. And the grievance is further aggravated by the practice on some of the greatest French railways of having none but first-class carriages by the express trains, the only trains by

which travellers are likely to go for any long distance. Here are two reforms of the easiest and most obvious kind, which have been made in most other countries, but about which France lags behind other countries. In a long journey along one of the great lines, the consequences of herding all the passengers together, and of making no distinction between smokers and non-smokers, are sometimes ugly enough. English ladies are driven to endure the company of strange creatures of some kind—Turks, Ethiopians, they know not exactly what—who push and crowd, and insist on smoking in their faces, and refuse to allow the admission of a single breath of fresh air. On an English or a German railway this would be impossible. The English ladies would find their places, and the Ethiopians would find theirs, and each might be happy. There used to be an old story of a wanderer in a wild part of America who was amazed by the sound of a fiddle. On coming nearer he found that the sound came from a Frenchman who was teaching "Messieurs les sauvages" to dance. If the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway cannot thoroughly carry out those arrangements and distinctions which are found easy enough in England, Germany, and Switzerland, it might at least set apart a special compartment for "Messieurs les sauvages."

Here then are several points in which a country which used to take the lead among other nations now distinctly lags behind other nations. They are all points on which reform would be very easy. On one of them reform is coming very shortly. It might be too much to expect the prisons called "salles d'attente" to be thrown open at so short a notice; but surely the demand for passports might stop, separate smoking carriages might appear, and carriages of other classes than the first might be added to the express trains, on the same auspicious day on which France becomes a member of the Postal Union.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

WE cannot but wish that the Lord Chief Justice had not made quite so much of the murder case which he has just had to try. He began his summing-up by emphasizing "the magnitude and importance of this great case," and at the close of the proceedings he again, in a tone that rather reminds one of a theatrical manager returning thanks to the public for a successful season, referred to "the court being filled from day to day by a multitude of persons anxious to hear this great case." It is true that the case has in all its stages, which have now occupied some months, been followed with eager curiosity by a large section of the public, consisting not only of the lower classes, whose ignorant and lethargic minds are naturally attracted by any tale of brutality and violence which descends to the level of their intelligence, but also, we are sorry to say, by persons of a higher class, whose education and pretensions to refinement might have been expected to preserve them from yielding to such a vulgar and degrading taste. This is surely not a circumstance on which one can dwell with satisfaction, since it is not only unpleasant in itself, but suggests painful reflections as to the prevailing standard of moral and intellectual culture. A morning newspaper which has very fully reported the proceedings points out as the moral of the case the "callousness which familiarity with shameful horrors gradually taught to a man who is said at one time to have been kind and humane." This is a bad look-out for the readers of that paper. That a whole population should be for weeks and months engrossed with the sickening repetition, over and over again, of the details of such a crime as that which has just been unravelled at the Old Bailey certainly cannot be regarded as a particularly hopeful symptom of the progress of civilization. No doubt any case in which human life is at stake is in one sense important, and naturally raises a degree of interest which is legitimate enough, especially when there are any obscure or complicated problems to be solved. But the habit of gloating over horrors and brutalities for the mere sake of the morbid excitement which may be thus produced cannot fail to be pernicious, and requires to be held in careful check. If the Chief Justice had told the people in Court, and especially the so-called ladies who were present, that he was ashamed of and deplored the indecent exhibition of the heartless curiosity and morbid love of excitement which brought them there, he would have rendered an important public service.

The Chief Justice has had a long experience of criminal trials, and we should imagine that he has seldom had a simpler or clearer case to submit to a jury than that of the Wainwrights. There were in it no material elements of mystery whatever from beginning to end, except perhaps as to the precise extent of Thomas Wainwright's participation in the murder; the issues were distinct, and the evidence against the chief prisoner overwhelming. Moreover, there was an entire absence of any subtle or perplexing points of law. A murder had undoubtedly been committed; the person accused of being the murderer was found with the mutilated remains in his possession, and it was ascertained that he had only just removed them from a temporary grave in an empty house of which he had the key. A shovel and other tools which bore traces of human remains, and had evidently been used in exhuming and cutting up the body, were proved to be the property of the accused; and he was unable to suggest any rational explanation of his connexion with these things. On these facts alone Henry Wainwright might have been justly convicted, and as they could not be got rid of, the rest of the investigation was really superfluous, though it served no doubt the pur-

pose of clenching his guilt by explaining his motives. In what respect then was this a great case? It was one of the plainest and easiest cases that a judge and jury ever had to try or counsel to plead in. Henry Wainwright by his own conduct saved the police, the judge, and the jury all trouble. One would imagine from some of the Lord Chief Justice's compliments to the counsel that scarcely ever before was there such a brilliant display of forensic power and acumen; and we readily admit that his own summing up was of a masterly kind in its closeness and completeness, and that the tone in which the various counsel conducted their controversies was creditable to the Bar. But, after all, the question to be determined was so small and simple that any junior barrister of average intelligence would have been perfectly competent to deal with it. No doubt, very long speeches were made on all sides, after a bad fashion of the day which was greatly encouraged by the Tichborne trial; but the greater part of what was said was mere talk for the sake of talk, and had nothing whatever to do with the critical question at issue. Possibly in some other case the counsel might have exhibited all the high qualities which have been so good-naturedly attributed to them, and it is certainly not their fault that they failed to do so in this instance, since it was simply due to the absence of any opportunity. Henry Wainwright put the rope round his own neck when he allowed himself to be caught in the streets with parcels of human flesh in a cab, and the subsequent revelations simply knotted the noose. It is an obvious injustice to the moderate efficiency of our criminal system to suggest that it was for a moment possible that such a person as Henry Wainwright, with such evidence against him, could have had any chance of escape.

When we turn to the personal aspects of the case, we find still less trace of anything that can be called greatness, even in the sarcastic sense in which Fielding has celebrated the greatness of Jonathan Wild and his associates. In this case the murderer is in every way a most paltry and contemptible object; mean, cowardly, devoid of ingenuity and resource. It is said that he is better educated and more accomplished than the lower sort of shopkeepers usually are; but he blundered in everything. The motive of the murder was of the basest and most sordid kind—to escape a pecuniary obligation to his mistress and her offspring; and the manner in which it was carried out shows that it was the enterprise of a weak and desperate fool. The whole *dramatis personæ* are of the same paltry and shabby kind. The unfortunate victim is the last sort of person to inspire respect or interest, and her fate ought not to divert the more reasonable pity due to her paramour's poor wife and children. There are hundreds of young women like Harriet Lane who disdain honest work in service because it involves real labour, and who look out for what are called light fancy places as a cover for prostitution. She seems to have fallen as soon as she came to London, and no doubt simply because she was ripe for it, and had made up her mind that an idle and, for her position, luxurious life could be most readily and easily obtained by that means. It is doubtful how far she was aware of the existence of Henry Wainwright's wife and family, but she must have suspected it from his frequent absences; and she does not appear to have cared very much about her own children. The terms on which she remained with her parents are a very unpleasant disclosure of the indifference about questions of morality which largely prevails among that class of society. A daughter leaves home, and gets her living in a mysterious way, and when she returns on a rare visit, no questions are asked, even though it is known or supposed that she is living with a man, and has had children. Altogether the evidence in this case is as nauseous and painful as can well be imagined. It is a picture of the sordid degradation of human character. From first to last, there is not the faintest gleam on any side of even casual heroism or sentiment to relieve the depressing gloom of low and sensual wickedness. The murder which has made the story a tragedy does not seem to have involved any struggles of feeling or conscience. The actors were not of the stuff that is capable of great passions. The connexion between Henry Wainwright and Harriet Lane was an everyday intrigue. He was flush with money when he met her, and it flattered his vulgar vanity to think that he could keep both a wife and a mistress, though he was only a shopkeeper in Whitechapel. He was no doubt good-natured enough while his money lasted, and so was his paramour for the same reason; but there is no sign of genuine affection. It is only a loose man and a loose woman who have come together for the moment. As soon as the purse is empty they snarl and fight; the man gets tired of the expense when the freshness of the debauch is over, and the woman is afraid that she will lose her maintenance and have to work for herself. Wainwright murdered his mistress because he was a weak selfish fellow, and she worried him; and he displayed the characteristic stupidity of criminals in thinking there was no other way of getting rid of her but by killing her.

It may be doubted whether the murder was really fully resolved upon and planned till the day before it was committed, when Henry Wainwright himself purchased some rope and American leather-cloth (such as the remains of the woman were afterwards wrapped in), and, through his brother, a small hatchet and spade, while he sent his man for a half-hundredweight of chloride of lime. It was alleged on his behalf that the chloride of lime was procured for a customer at Southend; but, as the Chief Justice remarked, if that had been the case, it would have been easy to produce either the customer or some book-keeping entry of the transaction, and no attempt was made to do this. It is

scarcely possible to believe that Wainwright provided the lime for any honest purpose, for it was not an article in his way of business, and there is no record of any commission for it; and the other purchases confirm the supposition that there was a deliberate scheme of murder, the woman to be inveigled to the empty house and then killed, and buried under the floor. The evidence of the two men whose memory was stimulated by an officious newspaper reporter into recollecting the hearing of shots near the house at Whitechapel on the supposed day of the murder was absolutely worthless, and it is surprising that it should have been thought worth while to hear it. The fact that the murdered woman had three bullets in her head proved that the shots had been fired, and there could be nothing in the sound to indicate whether they were fired by herself or by some one else. The question of suicide, however, was conclusively decided by the fact that one of the shots was found imbedded in the mass of false hair and pins at the back of the woman's head. Nothing can be more improbable than that any one should shoot himself from behind, and nothing more probable than that, if it was done by another person, that side would be chosen for the first shot, in order to take the victim off his guard. The shots must have been fired from a revolver, and it is known that Henry Wainwright had one. Moreover, the woman was not only shot but had her throat cut, and it is impossible that she could have done either of these acts first and then done the other afterwards. The identity of the discovered remains with those of Harriet Lane was sufficiently made out, and the subsequent lying and trickery of the Wainwrights confirmed every suspicion; but even without this, Henry Wainwright was doomed, and no system of justice could stand for a moment under which it was possible that he could have escaped. When it is suggested that his conviction was the result of a great forensic struggle, the ordinary course of justice is discredited, and encouragement given to ruffians who may fancy themselves more cunning than this one.

The speech of the counsel for Henry Wainwright was mainly occupied with inquiries how his client, supposing him to have been a reasonable being, could have done various things attributed to him. Mr. Besley at least succeeded in making it clear that, if he had himself been going to commit a murder, he would not have bought the apparatus from people to whom he was known, and would certainly not have committed the absurdity of conveying the body about town in pieces, done up in American leather-cloth so carelessly that the man who put them in a cab could see that the contents were human remains. But this is what almost always happens in a murder. There is usually some little oversight or bit of mismanagement which betrays the criminal, and in this instance Wainwright may be said to have delivered himself up to justice. It is no doubt important for the public that such wretches should be punished; but it is also desirable that this should be done as a simple matter of course, and with as little fuss as possible. The force of justice lies in the simplicity and certainty of its operation. As to Thomas Wainwright, the verdict and sentence no doubt went as far as the evidence permitted, and that is all that can or need be said. It is to be hoped that the next time there is such a case there will be less parade of the ordinary course of justice at the Old Bailey as if it were something quite wonderful, and almost more than could humanly be expected.

THE SYNOD OF PISTOIA.

THE news of the death of Cardinal Rauscher, Prince Archbishop of Vienna, reminds us that the generation of Churchmen over whom, as well as "over history," the Vatican "dogma has triumphed," is already passing away. To the Court of Rome their removal from the scene will of course be a relief, but in the long run the relief may be dearly purchased. Men like Darboy, Rauscher, and Strossmayer recall the days when Catholicism was a great moral power on the earth, and had not yet sunk into a sobriquet for Romanism. From their lips were heard the last echoes of that bygone age at the Council which voted its faith a heresy and an anachronism; and as one by one they pass away, the great communion whose suicidal capitulation they vainly strove to arrest, will be left to that solitude which its new masters mistake for peace. Of all the distinguished men who have borne a prominent part in what is sometimes called the Catholic reaction of the present century, and have helped to win back for their Church that influence which had seemed to the prophets of the old French Revolution to be gone for ever, not one, with the significant exceptions of Lamennais and De Maistre, can be ranked with the Ultramontanes. And De Maistre died before witnessing the practical upshot of the system to which, under very different circumstances, the grand qualities and opportunities of Hildebrand and Innocent had given a factitious splendour, and which Pius IX. has succeeded in rendering at once odious and contemptible. Lamennais lived to see through his misconception of Ultramontanism, and the recoil drove him into unbelief, if not into atheism. But with these two exceptions, which only prove the rule, every single Roman Catholic of the present age, priest or layman, whose character or genius has contributed to the rehabilitation of his creed in the estimation of Europe, has been more or less directly opposed to the "insolent and aggressive faction" which won its *apologia optima* at the Synod of 1870, while many of them have been in active collision with it. The names of Montalembert, Dollinger, and Newman will occur to everybody, and they are typical of

others only less illustrious than themselves. The steady, dogged persistency with which, for the last fifty years, the Roman authorities have systematically laboured to cajole, or silence, or suppress every champion of their cause, however friendly or devoted, who declines the Ultramontane Shibboleths, looks like a judicial blindness. How far a different result might have been attained by a bolder and more outspoken resistance on the part of the great men who have succumbed, as they thought, to the inevitable, need not be discussed here. Cardinal Rauscher, like so many others who had taken a leading part on the anti-infallibilist side at the Council, preferred, when all was over, to yield an outward submission rather than incur the risk of schism. But he never attempted, like some of the Prussian bishops, to eat his own words and conceal his real view of the Vatican policy, and his moderation of view and patriotic sentiment remained unchanged to the last. He was, like Darboy, a thorough Churchman, but a Churchman of the type of Lafranc or Laud, who had national as well as hierarchical sympathies, and did not measure his orthodoxy by his Italianism. Whether the Church which he so ably represented will find herself stronger when Rome has succeeded, to use Montalembert's expressive phrase, in converting her entire organization into "an antechamber of the Vatican," remains to be seen.

At such a moment there is a peculiar, though perhaps somewhat melancholy, interest in looking back to what is the last as well as the only official effort since the Council of Trent to effect an internal reform in the Roman Catholic Church. We say advisedly since the Council of Trent, for that assembly was expressly summoned, as the Vatican Synod was not, to deliberate *de reformatione Ecclesiæ*, and, in spite of some very questionable measures and many grave omissions, it did effect several considerable reforms, though they came too late to arrest the Protestant secession, and were not thorough enough to go to the root of the existing evils. That no future attempt to remedy or supplement these defects can be looked for as long as the Vatican decrees remain unchallenged is obvious from the fact that, in proclaiming the infallibility and universal ordinary jurisdiction of the Pope, the Council committed the happy despatch, and made all assemblies of the kind henceforth superfluous and more than improbable. No such final step had been taken when the famous diocesan Synod of Pistoia met, just three years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, under the presidency of Bishop Scipio de' Ricci, a relation of Lorenzo de' Ricci, the last General of the Jesuits before their suppression, and in youth a disciple of the order and a candidate for admission into it, but who, like so many of their old pupils, eventually turned wholly against them. His Jesuit training was counteracted by the teaching of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, who appear then as now to have represented the more liberal side of the Italian Church; and he was afterwards led to pursue those historical and patristic studies which have done so much in our own day to determine the attitude of the Old Catholics towards Ultramontanism. In 1775 he went to Rome to attend the coronation of Pius VI., but was not edified by what he saw there, and declined an invitation to become a member of the *prelatura*. Five years later, in 1780, he was nominated by the Grand Duke Leopold, brother of Joseph II., to the see of Pistoia. Ricci at once began to put his reforming theories in practice, and first turned his attention to the scandalous condition of the Dominican convents in his diocese; and, in spite of the opposition of the Pope, he maintained his ground. His next step was to forbid regulars from preaching there till they had undergone a strict examination as to their doctrine, attainments, and character; and with the same view he commenced a visitation of the religious houses in the diocese, which did not redound to their credit. He was not less strict in the supervision of the secular clergy, and gave great offence by enforcing residence on the lazy and richly-endowed canons of his cathedral, who had been accustomed to perform their duties by proxy. The Roman Curia was outraged by his denunciation of the gross abuse of marriage dispensations for forbidden degrees, which had been indefinitely multiplied for no better purpose apparently than to fill the Papal exchequer—a point bitterly complained of, it may be remembered, by the Hungarian Bishops at the Vatican Council. Here Ricci, acting with the support of the Grand Duke, cut the knot of the difficulty by granting dispensations on his own authority, without referring to Rome. The Synod of Pistoia afterwards very reasonably recommended a curtailment of this portentous catalogue of forbidden degrees.

Ricci had occupied the see for five years, when Leopold, who was zealous at the time for the reform of abuses, ordered all his bishops to hold diocesan synods every two years, proposing eventually to convene a national synod for the whole of Tuscany. In compliance with this suggestion the famous Synod of Pistoia, which has been described by Ultramontane critics as an admirable model of the belief and practice of "a bad Catholic," met in September 1786. It was attended by about two hundred and fifty clergy. Ricci's zeal was apt to outrun his discretion, and he showed a lack of wisdom in appointing Tamburini, who did not belong to the diocese, and was suspected of Jansenism, promoter of the Synod. It was still more indefensible to force on its acceptance, not merely the Gallican Articles of 1682, but the Jansenist Articles framed by the University of Louvain in 1677, and even to give some sanction to the condemned propositions of Baius, which only a practised theological expert would be able to distinguish from Calvinism. These false steps gave a fatal advantage to the Curialist opponents of the whole movement afterwards. The Synod

laid down some directions on ritual details, and expressed a desire that Mass should be celebrated in the vernacular, thereby anticipating the opinion of Rosmini in his *Cinque Piaghi*. It sharply censured the popular view of Indulgences, and declared that their original intention was restricted to the remission of canonical penances, but had been enlarged through ignorance, self-interest, and scholastic subtlety to a scandalous imposture and abuse. Excommunication was explained to be a purely spiritual act to which the Church had no right to annex civil penalties, such as exile and imprisonment, and the disgraceful tyranny of suspension *ex informata conscientia*, which figured so unpleasantly the other day in the O'Keefe case, was absolutely suppressed. The huge abuse of an overgrown and pauper priesthood, without duties or means of livelihood except from fees for masses, which was and is a crying evil in Italy, was condemned on the very pertinent ground that a bad priest is worse than none. A greater strictness was therefore enforced in examination for orders, and dispensations for impediments, pluralities, non-residence, and the like, were condemned. A reformed breviary was ordered to be prepared, with apocryphal legends expunged, and a vernacular ritual. The Synod finally drew up a memorial to the Grand Duke, asking for legislation on certain specified points, the most important of which concerned the reform of monastic orders by abolishing all but the Benedictines, and restricting the number of convents, making regulars ineligible for benefices or bishoprics, and enforcing manual labour upon them, forbidding any but annual vows to be taken by men, or perpetual vows by women before the age of forty or forty-five, and finally restoring to the bishop the right of inspection of all convents in his diocese. We have but enumerated the principal acts of the Synod, which were passed all but unanimously. How such proceedings would be viewed at Rome may be easily conceived, but it is remarkable that a Congregation of Cardinals summoned to examine its acts pronounced them free from doctrinal error. Five years later, however, on the death of Joseph II., Leopold was called to the throne of Austria, and Ricci, finding no efficient support from the Government, and being hard pressed by the dominant party, found it necessary to resign his see. Pius VI. took occasion from the adoption of the Pistoian decrees by the Constitutional Church of France to fulminate a censure in the Bull *Auctorem Fidei* of 1794, and for many years Ricci was kept in prison, till a sort of retraction was at last extorted from him, in 1805. Five years later he died in the odour of heresy, which has clung to his memory ever since. His Jansenistic leanings gave a certain colour to the imputation, but the genuine reforms which he laboured honestly, though not always wisely, to promote were the true cause of offence.

It would be interesting to know whether there are no bishops in Italy in our own day whose zeal is equally enlightened and less tinged by fanaticism, and whether any such enterprise as Ricci's could hope for the permanent support of the Italian Government. As long as the Grand Duke of Tuscany was at his back, the Court of Rome, as we have seen, did not find it expedient to quarrel with him. There is a far stronger Government in Italy now than the Tuscan, and if it could make up its mind on a definite and consistent scheme of ecclesiastical policy, the *non possumus* of Pius IX. would probably have to be relaxed under a feebler or less incorrigible successor. The recent announcement of Signor Minghetti points in that direction, and it is well known that already many of the clergy, as well as the laity, sympathize with his aims. If the system of popular election to parishes is introduced their number will rapidly increase. Precedents are always of great importance to ecclesiastical reformers, and it is possible that the Synod of Pistoia may yet come to have something more than a merely antiquarian interest.

PETS.

MAN has been distinguished from brutes as a cooking animal. But he has another characteristic almost equally distinctive. He keeps pets. It is true that sometimes this characteristic is shared by individuals of other races. A horse has been known to become attached to the stable cat, and to pine in the absence of pussy. So, too, dogs have often allowed a corner of their kennel to some stray animal domesticated about the house, and odd friendships have been cemented between creatures as different as a goat and a jack-daw, or a rabbit and a foxhound. Such brotherhood between tame beasts, all living in a state more or less artificial, is only as natural as the talking of a parrot, the piping of a bullfinch, or the trained labour of a canary taught to work for its living by drawing its water with a bucket and a chain. We never heard of a cat that loved a dear cricket to cheer with friendly chirpings her leisure on the hearth. No puppy has been known to lavish tender caresses on the radiant head of an iridescent bluebottle. The hen whose limited intellect reels before the watery instincts of a brood of ducklings is the victim of parental affection labouring under a base deception. But men pet many creatures besides their offspring, supposititious or other. It is true that a modern naturalist finds in an ants' nest certain well-cared-for beetles, and endeavours in vain to account for such a mysterious fact. Are the beetles scavengers, or are they pets? Or are the ants endowed, like men, with superstition, and do they venerate, like the ancient Egyptians, a coleopterous insect? Starlings show a preference for certain sheep. Every crocodile may be supposed to be the favourite of a particular lapwing. But these instances answer rather to the

sportsman's predilection for a well-stocked moor, or the fly-fisher's love for a shady pool. No kitten leads about a mouse with blue ribbon round the little victim's neck, as a child caresses the lamb which it may one day devour. The child shows its petting instinct at the earliest age, and loves a woolly rhinoceros as soon as it loves sugar and apples. Long before the baby can speak, as soon as it can open and close its tiny hands, it longs for something soft and warm, and, above all, something moving, which it may grasp and pinch at will. No worsted poodle, however cunningly contrived in the toy country, can compete for a moment with a real puppy. The pleasure of breaking all the legs from off all the quadrupeds in Noah's Ark pales into insignificance beside the rapture of pulling pussy's tail, and half blinding a living terrier. The cat and dog endure from the infant the tortures of Damien without complaint, and purr or wag their tail at each fresh infliction as a new manifestation of regard. Vivisection is a trifle compared with some of the unwitting cruelties of the nursery; but the victims seem to understand that their pains are not intended, and it would be well if a like self-sacrificing enthusiasm could be fostered in the scientific laboratory.

That people do keep pets and do misuse them is a plain and unquestionable fact. Why they keep them is another and much more difficult question. Some, it is true, have a dislike to the destruction of animal life. Cardinal Bellarmine would not disturb the fleas which got their livelihood in his famous beard. Others, again, have been driven to love a swallow from the mere loneliness of prison life, and the only reason for doubting the truth of the legend which connects the name of Bruce with a spider is that similar tales have been told of other famous men. The story of a Lady Berkeley who insisted on keeping her merlins to moult in her bed-chamber, and her husband's consequent displeasure, occurs among the annals of the fifteenth century. Little dogs figure on brasses; and the names of "Terri," "Jakke," and "Bo" have come down to us as memorials of pets beloved five hundred years ago. Cowper, besides his hares, petted all kinds of animals, and remonstrated in verse with his spaniel for killing a fledgling. Oldys apostrophized a fly, and Burns a mouse. We think it was Carnot, in the Reign of Terror, that lavished caresses on his dog, while he sent hundreds of human victims to the slaughter. In fact, there are few people come to mature years who at some time of their life have not loved a dear gazelle or other domesticated animal, and been gladdened by its affectionate eye. A taste which is so peculiarly human may be humanizing if properly directed. The child, indeed, will rob a nest to satisfy its longing for a pet. But it is easy to demonstrate the cruelty of interfering with natural laws, and the speedy death of the half-fledged nestling demonstrates clearly enough the futility of the childish aspirations. The sympathies of Bill Sykes, callous as he was, were awakened towards his dog, and even Charon may be supposed occasionally to bestow a friendly pat on one of the heads of Cerberus. Although it has often been remarked that love of the horse accompanies, if it does not cause, the degradation of many a man, yet it would be hard to ascribe the iniquities of a blackleg to any true love of the animal on which he lays his money. Doubtless the horse of Caligula preferred his oats ungit, and it is the uncertainty of racing rather than any fault of the racer that attracts rogues to Newmarket and Epsom. A horse would run quite as well, the race would be even more often to the swift, if betting could be abolished. And our prize costermongers and cabmen find kindness to their animals, like honesty, the best policy. The donkey that is starved and beaten seldom favours his driver with more than a spasmodic gallop, while the sleek ass we now occasionally notice in our streets draws more than his own weight of heavy men at a cheerful and willing trot. The principle on which pets are kept is, however, sometimes difficult to find. We were all horrified lately to read of an old lady who starved a houseful of cats, and every Indian traveller tells shocking tales of the cruelty of the Hindoo to the humpbacked cow which he worships as a divinity.

Cruelty to pets is only one aspect of the matter. There are people, especially in towns, whose kindness to their pets is exercised at the expense of their neighbours. So long as they are an amusement to their owners without being a nuisance to the public no one can complain. There are, it is true, crusty people who would like the world better if it contained neither kittens nor babies. But it cannot do real harm to anybody that an old lady should turn rabbits loose in her garden in order to reduce the excessive corpulence of her darling pugs by a little wholesome coursing. It is good for her pets, and does not hurt the rabbits. Nor does it injure the public that twice a year she finds herself under the necessity of posting to the seaside in order to give her favourites the constitutional refreshment of a few walks on the shore. She must post all the way, because it would be impossible to let them enter the cruel den set apart for mere dogs on the railway, and the Company will not let her hire a first-class compartment for their use. Even the collier who feeds his bull-pup on beefsteaks and milk, at the cost of half starving his wife and children, may at least plead that he does not interfere with the comfort or convenience of his neighbours. But it is a little odd that there is no way of restraining him if he would go further. He may, as far as the present state of the law can control him, cause his dog to be a nuisance and annoyance of the worst kind to all who live within hearing; yet it is apparently impossible to interfere with him. It may be right enough that a man should be free to make the lives of his wife, his children, and his servants as miserable as he pleases, but it does seem strange that he may extend

his attentions to his neighbours with equal impunity. The general public, and especially that considerable section of it which consists of helpless invalids, have no remedy against a crowing cock or a barking dog. In extreme cases it is possible that a physician may be able for a time to abate such a nuisance as being dangerous to his patient's life; but there seems to be no redress unless in cases of life and death. In London a sufferer from such a complaint as chronic neuralgia may be kept in torture all day by the barking of a dog in the mews behind the house, and may pass a wakeful night owing to the howling of the same animal when chained up. There is no choice but a change of residence, if the invalid cannot bear the noise of cabs and milk-carts at the other side of the house. An appeal to the police magistrate only elicits another and perhaps more dismal tale of suffering. His worship is but human, and he too has had days of illness prolonged into weeks owing to the zoological propensities of his neighbours. He can do nothing for himself, and nothing for the complainant. The law says nothing about such annoyances. It says that "every person who blows a horn or creates an unusual noise and disturbance in the night-time" is guilty of a nuisance; but it makes no provision for cases in which the noise is produced without the intervention of the horn, and apparently does not forbid even a "noise and disturbance," provided only it be usual. True, a civil action may be brought against the owner of the animal making the noise, if the sufferer has been injured in the pursuit of his lawful calling or occupation; but, as he probably carries on his occupation miles away in the quiet recesses of the City, and is chiefly employed at home in what appears to be the unlawful occupation of resting himself, he has no ground for action. We have some imperfect sort of protection against brass bands and barrel-organs; why not against singing birds, which might, as in *Charles O'Malley*, be interpreted to include fighting cocks? An extreme course alone is open to the sufferer at present. We are not concerned to point it out too plainly. But, short of this desperate and certainly objectionable remedy, there is no way, so far as we can see, of interfering with any development, however disagreeable, of the petting faculty. We may habitually wear cotton wool in our ears, or, if we like it better, we may leave our house and take another, but it is not clear we have any power at present to prevent our next-door neighbour from confining a pack of hounds in his stable, suspending a row of macaws on his balcony, keeping choruses of cats on his leads, and a laughing hyæna in his back kitchen.

CAERLEON-ON-USK.

IT is not often that antiquaries in these days have an opportunity of getting so interesting an insight into the works and ways and old memorials of the Romans in Britain as may be enjoyed at the famous Isca Silurum. It is in the Roman associations of this ancient station of the second Augustan Legion (who were in barracks here for years), and in the evidence of this occupation which is afforded by coins of the later Roman emperors, by tessellated pavements and Samian ware, by objects in bronze and iron, glass, enamel, bone, and ivory intended for ornament or use, and especially (to our thinking) in memorial tablets, commemorative, votive, and sepulchral, that the interest of Caerleon chiefly consists; and every one interested in such things cannot do better than take the easy and improved Great Western route from Hereford, or, if from town, the deviation from the South Wales line at Newport, and study at Caerleon the refinement and civilization of the lives of the Romans in Britain. The Via Julia which ran from Caerleon through Caerwent to Chepstow, or Caldecot to cross the Channel, may still be traced in the neighbourhood; and along its route, after the Roman fashion, have been discovered tokens of ancient sepulture, suggesting the exact fitness of the epigraphic adjuration "*Siste, viator*." The immediate neighbourhood, which in Roman, and even in later, times must have been richly wooded, and is described as having been a very bower of trees, has fortunately escaped the invasion of the iron trade; and in tracing the old walls, whose mortar is still binding through the cementing property of its pounded brick element, the visitor roams over the greenest of meadows, and the botanist need not fear to find his occupation gone. The chief points of interest are in private grounds, or in the excellent local Museum; but the modern occupants of Caerleon are the very reverse of churlish as regards access to their old memorials, and, from Mr. J. E. Lee, the owner of the Priory, and author of that very thorough monograph (now out of print) entitled *Isca Silurum*, down to the cottage-dweller who has a brick with a Roman stamp upon it in his coal-yard, all evince a worthy pride in facilitating and rendering pleasant the visits of the curious. A hasty or indolent visitor will perhaps find it enough to spend two or three hours in the Museum, where local pride and energy have collected many curious mementoes of our Roman conquerors and civilizers; but it needs no great effort of pedestrianism to reach the hamlet of Bulmore (little more than a mile from Caerleon, on the Caerwent road), where have been found a large number of sepulchral stones. The "Castle Grounds," where a Roman villa, with a series of baths, flues, and drains, was laid open, are within the walls and precincts; and the amphitheatre is just without the walls, in a field to the left of the Broadway, still telling its history and original use with sufficient clearness, even if we ignore the discovery there of numbers of small tesserae, which Mr. King

thinks cannot have formed part of a tessellated pavement, as such a work would have succumbed to the severity of British winters, and the very curious collateral testimony of the name of a field next adjacent and immediately opposite, the "Bear House Field"—a name surely significant of its having been "the place appropriated to the animals destined for the sports of the amphitheatre."

But the concentrated interest of Caerleon is in the Museum; and in it the inscriptions claim foremost notice. Amongst them are seeming anomalies, such as the rude conventional palm-branch, bespeaking a Christian Roman, on a stone where the first letters are D. M. (Dis Manibus); and such barbarisms of stone-cutting as "*vixsit*" and "*vicit*" for *vir*. But as regards the first, many parallels in the epigraphy of the catacombs testify to the survival of the pagan formula for several Christian centuries; and as to the second, no one acquainted with Britanno-Roman inscriptions will credit the engravers with having been purists as to orthography. Amongst the minor curiosities of the sepulchral stone class is the record of the age of a veteran Julius Valens who *centum annis viri*, though at this distance of time we can hardly produce certificates of his longevity likely to satisfy Mr. Thoms's canon; and the problem of another inscription from the wall of the ruined bath-house near Caerleon, which was a puzzle to antiquaries for years, was solved in the space of a few weeks coincidentally by Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Franks, and Dr. McCaul, who each and all hit upon the truth by simply turning the inscription round. There stood the centurial mark followed by C. Juli Caeciniani, the double *i* being used for *e*, as is common in Roman inscriptions. But there are other inscriptions in this Museum which have supplied greater "*crucis*" for scholars, and led to the cultivation of a talent for conjecture which has borne its best fruit in the fields where it was least to be expected. Mr. Lee, the author of the excellent "*Illustrated Catalogue*," was a geologist before he took to the study of Roman remains, but thirty years' residence in this old Roman town has naturally given a new direction to his studies. Among other things he has interpreted a couple of inscriptions which are among the most curious in the Iscan repertory. The first of these is a stone found with an inscription in excellent preservation at the foot of the Castle mound. The letters on it import (with but few abbreviations and no difficulties of legibility) that "*Imperatores Valerianus et Gallienus Augusti et Valerianus Nobilissimus Caesar cohortis septimæ centurias a solo restituerunt per Desticum Jubam virum clarissimum, legatum Augustorum Proprætorem et Vitalasium Lætinianum legatum legionis secundæ Augustæ curante Domitio Potentino Præfecto legionis ejusdem*." It will be seen here that the stone commemorates some restoration or rebuilding, and that the puzzle, the solution of which ought to indicate the work referred to, is the word "*centurias*." Mr. Lee was the first to divine that "*centurias*" here stands for the "*century's quarters*," and though his friend Mr. King could find no authority for such a use of the word, both he and Dr. Hubner of Berlin regard it as the only interpretation which gives sense to the inscription. It records the restoration of the barracks of the seventh cohort. But what is still more interesting is the corroboration adduced by Dr. McCaul of Trinity College, Toronto (the author of a work on Roman Epigraphy as found in the Catacombs which we reviewed a few years back), in the 2nd Oration of Cicero *De Lege Agraria*, in the 13th chapter of which it is said of Rullus, "*Deinde ornat apparitoribus, scribis libris, præconibus, architectis; præterea mulis, tabernaculis, centuriis, suppellectili*." There the italicized word was such a puzzle to commentators that one of them (Turnebus) rang a prosaic change on *tabernaculis*, and proposed to read *tentoriis*; and Mr. George Long honestly gave it up. "There is no meaning," is his note, "in this word." But take Mr. Lee's sense of "*centurias*" in the inscription, and apply it here with an eye to the immediate context and a regard to the gist of the oration in question, and we think the sense takes rank as authorized, and deserves a place in Latin Dictionaries.

Another inscription, much more defaced unfortunately, has furnished food for much more conjecture; surmounted by two now very imperfect figures, it runs somehow thus:—"*Fortunæ et Bono Evento, Cornelius Castus et Julius Belisimnus conjugespos—r. (posuerunt?)*" Mr. King said that when he first saw this stone the figures were less defaced than they were afterwards; both seemed to be males, and the right-hand figure had a "*patena*" in his hand, as if sacrificing. His idea is that this tablet is erected, by the two persons named, to their patrons, Fortune and Good Luck, on taking possession of their allotments; and an authority at Cambridge interprets "*conjuges*," which is the difficulty here, in the sense of "*contubernales*," "*intimate friends and companions*," or as another critic put it, "*like sworn brethren of the middle ages*." We agree with Mr. Albert Way and Dr. Hubner in discrediting here this sense of "*conjuges*." Mr. Lee notes that though there is no sign of the conjunction *que* after "*conjuges*" (which would associate the wives in their husbands' dedicatory memorial), there is a chisel mark of some abbreviation, which may be one of the sigla for *que*. Another theory of two competent antiquaries is noticeable for its rashness. They take it as a sepulchral memorial by the widows to Castus and Belisimnus, and refer to another Caerleon inscription to show that the names of the deceased were often put in the nominative case. But then these divinities, "*Fortuna*" and "*Bonus Eventus*," stand at the head of the tablet, and as Mr. Lee, with some humour, objects, "*the difficulty of this interpretation is one which probably did not occur to these learned antiquaries*. I never can believe that they would willingly have libelled the two Roman-British ladies by supposing them to

have erected a monument to Fortune and 'Good Luck' on the death of their husbands" (*Iscia Silurum*, p. 21). Here, as in other difficulties, the "deus ex machina" from Toronto comes in not unhelpfully. Dr. McCaul objects to the admission of *que* after "conjuges"; but, divining V.S. in the final letters of the broken word now read *Belisimus*, takes them to stand for *votum suscepunt*, and the whole to mean that the two men vowed a tablet to these deities, and that their widows piously fulfilled their vow. In another conjectural reading of an inscription to the memory of "Julia Veneria," we cannot think Dr. McCaul equally successful. Instead of reading the last words of the Balmore inscription (F MONIME FC.) as "filius monumentum faciendum curavit," he changes the abbreviated words into *matri optime*—a guess for which an inspection of the stone and its lettering affords no warranty.

We cannot here notice the curious votive "Saltienus" or "Sallienus" inscription, and the light thrown on it by an altar found in Caerleon churchyard; and we reluctantly pass over several other discoveries due to well-applied and sagacious comparison and epigraphic skill; but we must not turn our backs on Caerleon without a glance at the well-arranged curiosities which add a scarcely secondary interest to the treasures it has afforded in the way of inscriptions. A cinerary urn of red ware, and half full of burnt bones, curiously illustrates at the same time an exception to the rule of not "cremating" infants, and the custom of interring them within the walls beneath the eaves, or "suggrunde," or "subgrundia." In unglazed pottery is a noteworthy jar or vessel, with a septum, to contain two condiments in the same vessel unmixed; and amongst lamps, and implements classified therewith, is a curious fictile shape which turns out to be a lamp-mould, which is the more remarkable, as such moulds are most rare in Britain. Amidst the glass objects will be found a marvellously early specimen of the lately re-discovered "pillar moulding," which might convince the amazed patentees of the modern pattern that there is nothing new under the sun; and the beautiful enamels (especially fig. 14, *Iscia Silurum*) would repay the inspection of ingenious enamellers of the present day for finish and elegance. Other relics throw further light on Roman authors. The bronze bell discovered near the bath in the Roman villa is brought to the notice of classical scholars by Mr. King, in connexion with Martial's line (Ep. xiv. 163, 1):—"Redde pilam: sonat res ther-marum." Here, too, are the *styli*, used for writing on waxen tablets, the *ligula*, which are ladles, spoons, or skimmers, and a variety of rings, bosses, and fibulae. One of the quaintest of all these curiosities is a footrule in bronze, unique among Roman antiquities in Britain. There is a stay at the back, turning on a pivot with two notches on the edge to receive two studs on the opposite limb, so as to render the rule stiff, and prevent its closing when extended for use. A similar bronze *regula* has been found in a mason's shop at Pompeii. Of the tessellated pavements the most striking is one with a labyrinthine pattern removed to the Museum from Caerwent. It does not strike us as so beautiful as the pavements at Lydney, which is within a score of miles, and where, if we remember aright, the name of Senicianus crops up, as here also, in an inscription. Amongst building ornaments were a number of ornamental substitutes for a parapet, about a tile's breadth apart, with a ridge tile fastened to them behind, at right angles. Similar specimens are also to be seen in the Museum at Chester. These ornaments are technically called "Ante-fixa," and are well exemplified at Caerleon. We have heard it said, and it certainly was our own impression, that the word is a stranger to Latin-English Lexicons; but we are glad to do Dr. Smith's most useful dictionaries the justice of stating that the word is there satisfactorily explained as "the little ornaments affixed to the cornice of an entablature," and that Livy, xxxiv. 4, is correctly cited as an authority for its usage.

Such is but a slight and hasty survey of the many Roman relics stored up at Caerleon, an invaluable repository which all young scholars who desire to add life and reality to their classical reading will find worth a visit, especially if they can couple with it Caerwent and the remains, if they can take them in the same route, of Lydney and Cirencester.

AN AMERICAN BETTING CASE.

A RECENT trial of a betting case at New York shows that the American law as to wagers differs more widely than might have been expected from our own. The plaintiff stated that while the trial of one Henry W. Genet was pending he was introduced to the defendant, and the conversation between them turned on the probability of Genet's conviction, the defendant expressing his belief that the result would be acquittal and the plaintiff his that it would be conviction. Both parties were equally energetic in declaring their opinions, and the plaintiff offered to bet 1,000 dols. to 5 dols. that Genet would be convicted. The bet was taken, and the defendant was permitted to hold the stakes. When a verdict of conviction was rendered the plaintiff called on the defendant, expecting to receive the bets, and the defendant put him off from time to time, until he was forced to proceed at law. The defendant's answer to this claim was that his partner was on the jury in Genet's case, that the plaintiff sought an introduction to him and asked "if anything could be done," and he replied that he could not approach his partner on such a subject; that they met again, and the plaintiff offered to make a bet of 1,000 dols. to 5 dols. that

there would be a conviction, but the defendant remarked that he was not a betting man, and left. On the following day he was again at the same place, and the plaintiff was there also, and took a seat beside him, and proposed to him to sign a paper stating that he had received 1,000 dols. "for services to be rendered." He refused to sign this paper, and the plaintiff then tore it up, and said that he would make it in the form of a bet of 1,000 dols. to 5 dols., and "forced the money into his hands."

We have stated the case on either side thus minutely because we should be sorry to do injustice to either of the litigants. The defendant contended that the plaintiff's act was an attempt to corrupt his (defendant's) partner, and thus to cause a disagreement of the jury in Genet's case, and that under such circumstances he was not liable to return the money, which he wished to bestow on some charitable institution. The Judge, in submitting this case to the jury, delivered a charge which is described, and we think rightly, as one of "peculiar suggestiveness." He told the jury that, if they believed that the money claimed was wagered upon the result of the deliberations of the jury in Genet's trial, the plaintiff was entitled to recover, but not if they believed that the bet was used as a cover to conceal an attempt to tamper with the jury. Any attempt to control a verdict by the means indicated by the defendant, or by any other means than those known to the law, which are evidence and oratory, was to be frowned upon and punished. Money paid for this iniquitous purpose could not be recovered back, for the law does not grant relief to a person caught in infringing its just requirements. If parties will speculate in wrong, they must take their chance, unaided by courts of justice. According to the plaintiff's evidence, he made a very unusual bet, which among sporting men would be termed "betting at long odds." A bet of 1,000 dols. to 5 dols. was rarely wagered on the verdict of a jury, and yet it was possible for one imbued with the spirit of true sport to take such unequal chances. Readers will by this time perceive the "suggestiveness" of this charge. It ought to be noted in the American Law Reports thus:—"By the Court—It is not 100 to 1 on the verdict of any jury in any case." We agree, if we may presume to say so, with the Court; but there are some truths which should not be spoken in some places. A person must be strongly imbued with the spirit of true sport, and should have a well-filled purse, who would lay long odds on the result of any prosecution when political or social feeling is excited as to the result. The Judge seems to consider that the spirit of true sport may properly exercise itself in making bets upon verdicts, so long as the bet is a bet, and not a cloak for corruption; but surely this is a strange admission, which at no recent time would have been made in England. The reasons for not allowing actions to be brought on such bets are too obvious to need stating or enforcing. It is to be observed, indeed, that the plaintiff did not claim the defendant's stake, but only his own, and this may have been, therefore, an action not for money won upon a bet, but for money claimed by the plaintiff on treating the bet as void. But certainly the Judge seems to have a sympathy for true sport, and it is a pity that he did not inform sportsmen what are the odds, for example, on the district attorney in a prosecution for smuggling. Are there any general rules like those of "backing mounts" or "following money" on the Turf by which novices in forensic betting may be guided? Would it pay, for instance, to back some well-known advocate throughout a session of the court? If this Judge were not an American, we should call him a fine old English gentleman, for he unites to his love of sport a hatred of fraud and a readiness to check it summarily. He charged the jury that, if the defendant told the truth, it was a serious impeachment of his manhood that he did not on the impulse of the moment knock the plaintiff down on his offering an intimation as to corrupting a juror. It was said by Erskine that, if a creditor asked you to pay a debt barred by the Statute of Limitations, the only safe way of avoiding the implication of a new contract to pay the debt was to knock down the creditor. But Erskine when he said this was a barrister, not a judge. We must allow that the American sentiment is healthy, although manifesting itself in an unusual way. It is many years ago that "a good punch on the head" was recommended as a short way with poachers, and that course, besides its doubtful legality, is open to the objection that the poacher might punch your head in return.

Supposing that this was a bet, we must go back a century to find any case like this in England. It appears, however, that on an appeal from the Court of Chancery to the House of Lords the appellant hedged by betting an even fifty guineas against himself. Having succeeded in his appeal he lost his bet, and refused to pay it, whereupon an action was brought against him. On his behalf it was argued that the event was not contingent but certain, and therefore could not be the subject of a bet, and also that such a bet was improper, as contrary to decency. Lord Mansfield, in giving judgment, said that, as for the certainty of the law mentioned by the defendant's counsel, it would be very hard on the profession if the law were so certain that everybody could know it, and the misfortune was that the law was so uncertain that it cost much money to ascertain it. Here was a future event equally uncertain to the parties—namely, whether the House of Lords would be of the same or a different opinion with the Chancellor; but the presumption, if any, would be rather against the person betting in opposition to the Chancellor's judgment. It might be remarked here that, as regards some judges who have sat in the Court of Chancery, the presumption would rather be in favour of the success of

the appeal. About the same time occurred the case upon a wager as to the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, and here it was objected that the inquiry tended to introduce indecent evidence, and to disturb the peace of the individual and of society, and this objection prevailed. In argument of this case another case was mentioned, where a bet was made upon the place of birth of the Duchess of Hamilton and her sister, and the trial of that case proceeded, although in the course of it the ages of these ladies were ascertained, which, said counsel, was probably a very serious inconvenience to them. Notwithstanding this case, however, the principle of our law was clear, that you could not try an action on a wager tending to disturb or injure a third person, and this rule may have some application to a case now pending in one of the Courts at Westminster. We know that it is improper to raise a question as to a lady's age, and we have heard that it is wrong to speak disrespectfully of the Equator, and we think that to make a bet upon the figure of the earth, as was done in a pending case, would be taking a decided liberty with a planet which ought not to be encouraged by any Court. In the case of the bet on the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, the Court were clear that, on the application of the Chevalier, they would have stopped the action, and the objection was equally open to be taken by the defendant. We gather that at that time it was usual, and not considered objectionable, for a son to bet on his father's life. But a bet between two voters on the result of an election was held void, as tending to corruption; and in another case a bet by a clergyman with a Minister of State that the clergyman would not become a bishop was held to be a form of simony.

It looks as if our law, as it was a century ago, had crossed to America, and remained from that time to this unaltered. Without reference to any statute, it can hardly be thought, notwithstanding the authority of Lord Mansfield, that our Courts would now entertain an action on a wager as to the verdict of a jury. Yet the American judge would have entertained such an action if there had been a *bonâ fide* bet. The plaintiff in the case before the Court, if he could be believed, was guilty, said the Judge, of the folly of wagering very long odds on the verdict of a jury, and nothing more. In this, as in some other instances, America has been more conservative than England of laws and customs which belonged equally to both. We believe that those venerable institutions, the stocks and the whipping-post, are still preserved in some of the older States. It is not very long since we read of a sheriff personally whipping an offender, and of the mob "chaffing" the officer of the law during the operation. They did not seem to be brutal or blood-thirsty, but to treat the whole proceeding as a joke. When we read of this case of a bet on the verdict of a jury being gravely brought to trial, and of the Judge saying that, if it were an attempt by the plaintiff to bribe the defendant's partner, the defendant should have knocked him down, we seem to have got back to the time when the Quarter Sessions of a Midland county adjourned to go to see the fight between Crib and Molyneux. No action can now be brought in our courts upon any wager, and this statutory prohibition excludes a quantity of business which would be troublesome and by no means edifying. In America, perhaps, the same evil is not felt, and yet there must be a good deal of gambling in New York. The jury in this case found a verdict for the defendant, so they must have thought that there had been an attempt to influence the jury in Genet's case. Whether such attempts are common we cannot say, but after all we have heard of corruption in other forms, we should view this form of it with no great surprise.

ART IN LIVERPOOL.

THE great centres of trade and manufacture in the North of England present phases of art analogous to, though differing from, those of the cities of Italy during the middle ages. Industry begets wealth, and wealth in turn induces culture and that bodily and mental condition of luxury and æsthetic indulgence which has ever been found to foster growth in art. Moreover, vast populations intensify not only individual, but still more municipal, action; large masses moving to and fro acquire accumulative momentum; a tidal wave bears art onwards, so that, in the words of Hallam when speaking of Italian Republics, literature and art are rocked on the turbulent waves of democracy. That Liverpool happens to be Conservative in politics matters little. Indeed the same conditions are now determining the art position of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and other centres of trade, all connected into one panorama of chimneys and a continuity of smoke.

Liverpool is ambitious to make for herself a position in art. Her Art Club, framed on the model of the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London, is doing a good work. It is much to the credit of a commercial town when a speciality such as art becomes a bond of union and a mainspring of action; when art is cultivated, not for lucre or ostentation, but for its own sake, as bringing its own reward, giving moments of repose in the midst of the turmoil of city life, and bringing sunshine into homes when days are dark. This society of connoisseurs is something more than a social coterie; it is public opinion shaping itself into an intelligent form, which makes itself felt when monuments and public works are projected by individuals or municipal bodies. The want of some such

direction on the part of what may be called the laity has been long felt both in London and the country. "Committees of Taste" and dilettantism generally may be laughed at; but an association of cultivated English gentlemen brings to bear a balanced judgment which is often wanting to experts and professional men. The Liverpool Art Club, in common with the Burlington Fine Arts Club, pursues its purpose of public instruction by special, as distinguished from miscellaneous, exhibitions. It is found, as might be expected, that general collections are best provided for in spacious Galleries, such as those of the Royal Academy or of Suffolk Street; but experience also shows that a useful sphere of operation remains for amateur Committees who take up *con amore* some specific subject, and illustrate it exhaustively with the addition of a student-like catalogue. The difficulty is to get persistent work from unpaid and non-professional men; but the work, when got, is often found to have a value which money could not buy; and it is fortunate when each member of these Committees has a favourite hobby of his own which he is permitted to ride to somewhat short of death for the amusement and instruction of other members and of the community at large. The Liverpool Art Club seems well favoured in these respects. We have before us the "Catalogue Raisonné of the Oriental Exhibition, held in the Club Rooms, December 1872, Edited by Mr. G. A. Audsley," a local architect; also a "Descriptive Catalogue of Works in Japanese Lacquer in the Possession of Mr. Bowes." We may mention, as an instance of the fraternal relations subsisting between the Art Clubs of Liverpool and of London, that this choice collection, illustrating the various branches of the lacquer ware of Japan, has been lent by its owner for exhibition in the Gallery of the Burlington Club. Liverpool seems abounding in resources. It has been suggested that the present Loan Collection of the Works of David Cox shall be succeeded by exhibitions of the pictures and drawings of William Muller and of George Cattermole.

A "Loan Collection of the Works of the late David Cox" now forms the chief attraction at the Liverpool Art Club. It is rather late in the day to enter on a detailed criticism of this essentially English painter—more English, more racy in the local flavour of the soil, than Gainsborough, De Wint, or Constable. Suffice it to say, that the successive manners of David Cox—sometimes said to be three in number, but in fact far too various and changeable to be strictly counted or defined—are all fairly well represented in Liverpool. A sepia drawing of "Pevensey Castle" (359), as early as the year 1807, recalls the manner of De Wint; "Tivoli" (101), with the sun midway in a golden sky, is symmetric and poetic as Claude or Barret; "A Rocky Subject" (198) presents the only composition supporting the supposition that David Cox ever diverted his eye from nature to look at Salvator Rosa or Gaspar Poussin. Analogies with other artists could be pointed out. Thus "The Dining-Hall, Haddon" (272), is tenanted by draped figures identified with the baronial halls of Mr. George Cattermole. That the "Outskirts of the Forest" (138) should approximate "Studies in Windsor Park," by the late William Bennett, is but natural, inasmuch as Bennett was an imitator of Cox; and in like manner that the "greatcoat weather" and the rain-laden skies suggestive of umbrellas, common to the art of Constable, should be the atmospheric condition of these most atmospheric of drawings may be easily accounted for by the fact that Cox, like Constable, faithfully depicted our English landscape under our cloudy English sky. David Cox was most delightful when most himself, and, strange as it may appear, he seems to have gone out sketching chiefly when the barometer was down at "Rain" or "Storm"; he never attempted to improve the proverbial badness of our English climate. And just as it is said that our average weather favours the practical operations of life, so the drawings before us show that no atmosphere is more pictorial or picturesque in effects. We thank David Cox that he never transports the spectator to the Alps or attempts to import to our shores the blue sky of Italy. The district he loved best was North Wales, the sketching ground to Liverpool. The Cumberland Lake country at the other extremity of Lancashire was too pretty and dresy for his essentially undressy art. But in the vale of Dolwyddelan and at Bettws-y-Coed—as witness "The Welsh Funeral," of which there are here many replicas with variations—he was quite at home. Hills in broad shadowy masses, cloud-crested, looking down upon wooded vales, sylvan streams, cottages, churches, and village lanes—rude nature lying, as it were, half way between savage and civilized life—such are the scenes which in this interesting Loan Collection evoke the genius of the painter. The style is suggestive just in proportion as it is undefined. Clouds and figures have motion; the trees are tossed by wind; the rocks are beaten and washed by scudding rain. Movement is not arrested by sharp outlines, which Cox abhorred. These drawings once more evince a subtle and sensitive eye for colour, not after the garish or decorative scale of Turner, but triumphant in negative relations of grey. David Cox did not rave over sunsets; he dwelt with tenderness on the grey of the morning when the chill dew lies on the grass. The whole collection—water-colour drawings, oil-paintings, drawings in sepia and charcoal—making a total of 434 works, have been insured in the sum of 130,000*l.*, and yet David Cox sold his best products at a few pounds a-piece, and never realized 100*l.* for any single work.

The opening of this exhibition of the works of David Cox was celebrated in good old English fashion by a dinner at the Fine Art Club, given by the President, Mr. Bowes. The speeches, as well as the preface to the Catalogue, furnish anecdotes and reminiscences

from personal knowledge which must find a place in future biographies of the painter. In the exhibition there is pointed out a picture with a story. "Going to the Hayfield" (29), was sent by David Cox to Liverpool just a quarter of a century ago; it was hung on the floor, and the price set upon it was 40*l.*; it went back to the artist unsold; it now returns to Liverpool, the present owner having bought it for a sum approaching 3,000*l.*, and the insurance reaching 4,000*l.* A friend of David Cox contends that it was well that he never realized these extravagant prices; he mad all that he needed—a comfortable competence; his habits remained to the last most simple; he supped on bread and milk at nine with the keen appetite of a schoolboy. The same friend spoke in Liverpool as follows:—

Although the work of David Cox looks so easy, no man was so difficult to please. I have sat by him when he tore up drawing after drawing. He knew no tricks in art; his work was always pure and simple. He used the most simple colours and means to record his greatness. A few days before he died he went upstairs, leaning on the arm of his faithful servant Ann. Stopping at his painting-room door, he looked in, and said, "Good-bye, pictures! good-bye, pictures; I shall never see you any more!" and he never did.

Liverpool, as it will be inferred, sustains an active art life, and some further doings still remain to be recorded. The Royal Institution boasts of rare early paintings collected by William Roscoe, the author of the Lives of Lorenzo de' Medici and of Leo X.; they have obtained notice from Dr. Waagen, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Scharf, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The works ascribed on fairly good grounds to Giotto, Gentile da Fabriano, Pisellino, Wohlge-muth, and Tintoretto, are worthy of a national collection. Nor must we omit to mention the Museum attached to the Free Library; here are works of world-wide renown. We do not refer to the collection of stuffed birds, "the munificent gift of the late Earl Derby to the town"—such abortions are neither art, science, nor nature. But special attention is due to the historic ivories which, in a magnificent diptych, a rare example of Roman art, date back to the second century. This chronological collection is the finest of its kind out of London, and we happen to know that Mr. William Maskell, when writing his book upon Ivories, thought it worth his while to make a special visit to Liverpool; one or more of these ivories are conspicuous among his illustrations. Also un-examined, whether for number, size, or rarity, is the collection of Wedgwood ware. Miss Meteyard, in her Life of the Staffordshire potter, engraves more than fifty of these specimens. The Museum, by the way, sadly wants a catalogue. Liverpool is indebted to the generosity of her citizens for these and other art treasures. Mr. Mayer gave the ivories and the Wedgwood ware; the Free Library and the Museum, erected at the cost of 40,000*l.*, were the gift of Sir William Brown.

No fewer than three exhibitions of modern pictures are now open in Liverpool. Strange to say, the Corporation, which might be supposed to have more than enough to do with matters of drainage, scavenging, and lighting, takes the conduct of a large and important "Exhibition of Modern Pictures." We should have imagined an academy of artists better qualified for such an undertaking; yet we recall certain feuds among the profession; hostile exhibitions were open at one time, and financial failure followed. Liverpool in the days to which we refer was a stronghold of so-called "pre-Raffaellism," and the unfortunate schism finds record in local collections. In no other town have we seen such proofs of the genius of Mr. Rossetti and of Mr. Madox Brown. Mr. Davies, a local landscape artist, elsewhere unfortunately all but unknown, can be seen only in Liverpool. It is a thousand pities that this clique does not proclaim its mission in London. Returning to "the Corporation Gallery" we find no less than 1,136 works, the most important of which have, however, already won a reputation in the Royal Academy. Yet a sensational novelty is presented in a portrait verging on a parody of Mr. Holman Hunt, perpetrated by himself. The strength of this Gallery arises from the sales. Last year they amounted to 9,000*l.*, this year they may reach 10,000*l.* It is a good sign when local wealth yields local patronage; the dealers, we are happy to find, are here at a discount; and Liverpool differs from some other provincial towns with which we are acquainted in this, that patrons do not rush to London, but purchase on the spot.

Liverpool, architecturally, may be divided among two or more schools. A pseudo-classic style, unusually showy and effete, took possession of the town at the time when that sort of thing ruled everywhere. But St. George's Hall stands in that style scarcely inferior to the more strictly classic Hall at Birmingham, and decidedly superior to similar, and more mongrel, structures in Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, and Bristol. At the present moment we may observe in natural succession the usual signs of the prevailing Gothic fever, forced up to a kind of furnace heat by red brick, rampant in colour. As to statues, faint must be the praise. The once famous group of Nelson belongs to the showy and sensational style of the past generation, while two equestrian effigies of the Queen and the Prince Consort by Mr. Thornycroft do more than justice to the irredeemably wooden manipulation of the present day. Yet we willingly remember that one of the greatest of English, not to say of European, sculptors, John Gibson, was identified with Liverpool. We have heard him in Rome acknowledge how much he owed to the town of his adoption, where again we are glad to meet his simple and noble statues of Huskisson and of Roscoe. Liverpool, always given to hospitality, honoured John Gibson by a dinner. We rejoice to find that the town is not content to stick where it is; new art galleries are in course of erection, and at one time there was a talk of buying a large but much bedaubed picture by

Raffaello, which is understood to be making the tour of Europe, at the modest price of 40,000*l.* Mr. Ruskin wrote a letter recommending the purchase; but, as might have been expected, the letter turned out a mere wind-bag. Another more feasible project is to connect the many public parks into one continuous belt round the town, after the manner of boulevards. Few towns are more fortunate in situation, especially as to sea access; only in Smyrna, Lisbon, and one or two other ports planned by nature herself do we see the white wings of commerce alight at the very door of the merchant's warehouse.

BUCKINGHAM AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

IT is not likely that Mr. Wills's play of *Buckingham* will make the fortune of the Olympic or any other theatre. Dryden, Pope, and Scott have combined to fix in the national mind a conception of Buckingham at middle age which is strangely incongruous with the youth which Mr. Wills depicts. Buckingham, after the Restoration, was among those whom Macaulay has described as holding that loyalty was one great delusion and patriotism another, and that it was better to be the hireling of the worst cause than the martyr of the best. "Zeal," he says, "makes revolutions, and revolutions make men zealous for nothing." It would have been easy for Mr. Wills to find a type of that "pure, fervent, and constant loyalty" which suffered ruin and death for King Charles I., and neglect and contempt from his successor; but he surely needed not to make one out of George Villiers. Then, again, Mr. Wills can hardly expect to persuade an intelligent audience that Cromwell had nothing to do with the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby except looking up the plunder. An industrious writer demonstrated at great length that Napoleon had no military talent, and that all his victories were gained by a staff officer, while he cleverly took the credit of them. The attempt to exalt Fairfax at the expense of Cromwell may be placed in the same literary category. The hatred of the Royalists is sufficient proof that Cromwell was their most dreaded foe. No doubt he used the faculties of other men, and he stimulated their zeal until it went possibly beyond his own. If it is fair to infer the quality of a general from that of his troops, Cromwell must take a high place, for even Mr. Wills would own that against domestic or foreign foes the "Ironsides" were alike invincible. To them their leader was

The servant of the Lord
With the Bible and the sword;

and therefore he and they gained victories. The poem in which these lines occur is probably less known than any other of Macaulay's writings, and Mr. Wills may be pardoned for forgetting a picture of Royalist defeat which is at once poetical and true. But he can hardly have forgotten that Scott, who loved neither Independents nor Republicans, has told in *Rokeby* the same story. When troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse and the Scots spurred northward as from a lost field, it was Cromwell and his cuirassiers who redeemed the day. The stubborn courage of Englishmen was by Cromwell's system at once regulated and stimulated. The most rigid discipline and the most fierce enthusiasm were combined by him. From that first success on Marston Moor until his death the troops organized and commanded by him moved always to victory with the precision of machines and the fanaticism of Crusaders. Turenne expressed the delight of a true soldier on seeing the allies whom Cromwell sent him, and even banished Cavaliers felt pride when the red-coated pikemen, with shouts of stern exultation, drove before them the famous infantry of Spain. From the time when the Parliamentary army was remodelled to the time when it was disbanded it never found, either in the British islands or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. This substantially is what Macaulay says in writing history, and we have already quoted his and Scott's poetry. The same idea is expressed in one of Scott's novels, which Mr. Wills might usefully study as an example of how to make history subserve fiction. At the opening of *Peveril of the Peak* the lady of the castle has invited both Cavaliers and Roundheads, but in separate parties, to a dinner in honour of the Restoration. The Puritans enter the castle by the breach which their own guns had made, and their chaplain reminds them that they are ascending by the gate which the Lord opened to the godly. Hereupon they raise a psalm, which reaches the ears of the Cavaliers advancing joyously by the principal avenue, and damps their mirth. The tune which now came rolling on their ears had been heard too often, and upon too many occasions had preceded victory gained over the Malignants, to permit them even in their triumph to hear it without emotion. A veteran whose undoubted courage can afford to confess what all are feeling says, "May I never touch claret again if that is not the very tune with which the prick-eared villains began their onset at Wiggan Lane, where they bowled us down like so many nine-pins. Faith! neighbours, to say truth and shame the devil, I did not like the sound of it above half." To ascribe the merit of evoking and organizing this irresistible force to Fairfax instead of Cromwell is like pretending that Moreau and not Napoleon made France mistress of continental Europe.

History, however, can take care of itself. But in the character of Buckingham Mr. Wills has outraged probability. Here, again, let us see what the master of historic fiction makes of the same personage. Buckingham is discussing with Christian their plan for wresting from the Earl of Derby the little kingdom of Man. He remembers that his Roundhead father-in-law, Fairfax, had the

island from the Long Parliament, and was as enough to quit hold of it at the Restoration, when, if he had closed his clutches and held fast, like a true bird of prey, he might have kept it for him and his. Buckingham might have had a little kingdom of his own, and made his valet Lord Chamberlain and Christian his hangman. He does not quite relish the thought that he would only be King of Man in his wife's right. "But," says he, "my godly dame owes me some advantage for having lived the first year of our marriage with her and old Black Tom, her grim, fighting, puritanic father. A man might as well have married the Devil's daughter and set up housekeeping with his father-in-law." To any one who remembers this and other passages of *Peveril of the Peak*, Mr. Wills's play, although it contains forcible passages, must appear slightly ridiculous. If Buckingham learned in youth "to die for God and King," how came it that he died victor of his health, fortune, friends, and fame? The devoted lover of Mary Fairfax must have been strangely out of place in the "bower of wanton Shrewsbury." One of the stories of the time is that, while Buckingham was killing the Earl of Shrewsbury in a duel, the Countess held the Duke's horse, and the story would hardly have been invented if Buckingham had ever been what Mr. Wills represents. If he has any political or moral purpose in his play he defeats himself. Assume that the Cavaliers had a monopoly of the high-flown sentiments which his hero enunciates, the other side might be content without an article which stood the wear and tear of the world so ill. A poor woman said to the Duke of Ormond that she had no friends at the Court of King Charles II. except God and the Duke, and he answered that she could not possibly find two who had less influence there. Yet one of the chief ornaments of that Court was the Duke of Buckingham, in whose youthful mind, according to Mr. Wills, religion and loyalty held equal and undisputed sway. We are to suppose that after years of exile Buckingham returned to claim his title and estate, but left his principles behind him. Burnet, surveying his whole career, says that "He had no principles, no religion, no literature, no conduct. He was true to nothing, not even to himself. He could not keep a secret, fix his thoughts, or govern his estate." We all remember that Dryden has said the same thing in lines judged by the author to be the finest of the splendid poem which contains them. In Scott's novel the same idea is elaborated in many scenes. Buckingham is party to a political scheme for bringing a new mistress to Court, yet wantonly tries to put his own spoon into the dainty dish which he and others had dressed to set before the King. He describes how he and his master met in Chiffinch's apartments, and Julian Peveril swooped off the lady from under both their noses, "like his own Drawcansir, clearing off the banquet from the two kings of Brentford." His valet tells him that, though somewhat liable to change his mind, no man can give better reasons for changing it than he does. Intrigues, political and amatory, building, stock-jobbing, and lampooning, divide his thoughts; he proposes for the hand of the King's niece within forty-eight hours of his wife's death; and the only proofs of sense and manhood that he gives are, that he disbelieves the Popish plot, and wishes to meet Julian Peveril behind Montague House, partly to show his own skill of fence, and partly to make political capital out of a rencontre with a reputed plotter. Mr. Wills can hardly suppose that his audience have not read and remembered something of all this, and even those, if there be any, who never heard of Dryden's *Zimri*, would have learned from some historical manual that Buckingham belonged to the Cabal. Hume, characterizing its members, says of Buckingham—and the words will bear quoting, even after reference to Dryden, Pope, and Scott—that "the least interest could make him abandon his honour; the smallest pleasure could seduce him from his interest; the most frivolous caprice was sufficient to counterbalance his pleasure."

It is a pity that Mr. Wills should have devoted his unquestionable talent to such a hopeless and thankless undertaking. If his play could have succeeded under any circumstances, which we doubt, he certainly has not found favourable conditions for his experiment at the Olympic Theatre. A thoroughly strong company might perhaps have gained temporary success, but this company is weak. Mr. Neville does all he can as the hero, but neither he nor anybody else could make that hero into a possible likeness of the youth of the Duke of Buckingham. The showman who wished to convince his hearers that "this was the head of Oliver Cromwell when he was a little boy" had a comparatively easy task. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," but the Duke of Buckingham must have gone to the bad at an amazing rate. When Mr. Wills last brought Cromwell on the stage it was deemed sufficient to put a popular comedian, the late Mr. Belmore, into the part. Now Mr. Creswick has been engaged, but we do not think that he will do much for Cromwell, or Cromwell for him. As Mr. Wills does not pretend to feel any admiration for Cromwell on any side of his character, it is not wonderful that he has not made for Mr. Creswick as good a part as Colonel Richards in his play of *Cromwell* a few years ago made for Mr. George Rignold. The moderate success of that exposition of one side of history will not, we think, be much exceeded by Mr. Wills's effort on the other side. Although he writes good verse, he is not quite the poet to subdue our memory and judgment. We like loyalty, but not of the namby-pamby kind.

REVIEWS.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF SWIFT.—VOL. I.*

A LONG-EXPECTED book, like a long-expected friend, must on appearing at last be prepared to answer a great many questions, and perhaps to meet a few demands and disappoint a few hopes of a not altogether reasonable description. Mr. Forster's *Life of Swift*, of which the present generation has after all lived to have at least the first volume in its hands, is not likely to prove an exception to the rule. In the world of letters, as elsewhere, many reputations are, temporarily if not permanently, sustained by a judicious display of the power of seeing mysteries, which is by no means invariably tantamount to that of seeing into them. But those who do not themselves "list to speak" are naturally all the more anxious to have their tongues untied by the revelations of those who can speak with knowledge. Swift, by his own confession, loved above most other things "a life by stealth"; and unhappily the efforts of many who have written and talked about him, when not concerned with obscuring the ascertainable facts of his career, have been frequently directed to vague suggestions of secrets beneath the surface. "Few men," says Mr. Forster of the subject of his biography, "who have been talked about so much are known so little." Yet the existence of a dark mystery in Swift's personal life has been frequently assumed with the most determined persistency, and to this mystery Mr. Forster, who has long been known to be collecting materials for a biography of Swift, has doubtless often been credited with possessing the key. So far, however, as the volume before us goes, the lovers of secrets—and of the scandal which secrets are fondly supposed to conceal—are likely to be grievously disappointed. With the conscientiousness and thoroughness to which his previous works have accustomed us, Mr. Forster has gathered, sifted, and interpreted the materials within his reach; there is in his book much that is new by the side of what is old, but more that is true in the place of what is false. In the way of positive discoveries of fresh facts of importance there is, as yet at all events, little to announce; but the biography is not the less welcome in consequence. We hope it may be the signal for the casting aside by even the most inveterate of literary *quidnuncs* (if we may take leave to coin the word) of groundless inventions, which have sufficiently long been allowed to

wane and wax alternate like the moon.

It is at the same time, we confess, rather hard upon readers, of whatever kind, that Mr. Forster should not have found himself able to publish his biography of Swift as a completed whole. For our part—and we hope it may not savour of thanklessness to say so—we own that, having waited so long, we would even have waited a little longer if we could thus have obtained the entire narrative at once. For we can call to mind no other instance in which the interest excited by a biography has been so cruelly suspended by this method of publication. May the day never come when our best biographers shall imitate our most popular authors of fiction, and publish their masterpieces in numbers.

The value of this volume is, however, intrinsically very great. Whether Mr. Forster blends his facts into a connected narrative, or otherwise marshals them in carefully tabulated groups, their arrangement is always indisputably lucid; Swift himself cannot have prized order more highly than it is esteemed by his biographer. When Mr. Forster destroys fictions, he annihilates them with the most satisfactory completeness, and "smiling eddies" are alone left to "dimple on the main." Finally, while he strictly confines himself to his subject, and avoids the temptation to digressions in which no one could have had a better excuse for indulging, his narrative is thoroughly consistent with itself and solid without the least approach to heaviness. We only regret that he should not have preferred to interweave the biographical notes from the letters to Esther Johnson contained in the first section of his *Sixth Book* with the general course of his narrative, and to relegate the section on the unprinted and misprinted *Journals* into an appendix pure and simple, while incidentally using so much of them as was suitable for the purpose of occasional illustration. It was Boswell who taught English biography the charm which a copiously illustrated but consecutive narrative possesses; and who is willing to turn from Boswell to the supplementary anecdotes accumulated in the last volumes of Croker's edition? Mr. Forster, to be sure, merely supplements his review of one side of Swift's life in a particular period by illustrations of its other sides drawn from Swift's own letters. But the disadvantages of the parallel system remain; and from this or other causes Mr. Forster is in his present work not altogether free from repetitions, though, if we remember right, he only on a single occasion confesses to repeating himself. Thus this *Life of Swift*, while surpassing in interest, as it does in elaboration, all the earlier works by which its author has established his claim to rank as the foremost of living English biographers, is not, if we may judge from the present volume, certain to prove the most perfect in form among them.

The division of the work now before us contains an account of what are, as Mr. Forster remarks, "Swift's least important years," and what are in part also necessarily the most obscure. And it is in truth almost distressing to find into how many seemingly

* *The Life of Jonathan Swift*. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1667-1711. London: John Murray. 1875.

solid quagmires of fiction previous writers on Swift have been misled or have misled one another, and how chequered is our sentiment of gratitude to Lord Orrery, Deane Swift, Thomas Sheridan, and others for the notes and anecdotes into the foundations of which Scott had no leisure to inquire when he composed that biography, so pleasing in style and spirit, which has long supplied the demands of most readers. An instance of this is to be found in the current notions concerning Swift's University career, to which we may at once turn, passing by the account of his ancestry and earliest years, based chiefly upon his own fragment of autobiography, now restored by Mr. Forster to its original form. One certainly might have expected that academical piety would have been prompted by Irish patriotism to anticipate Swift's biographer in this part of his task. Ireland has always, with good reason, honoured the memory of Swift, whose actions far more than compensated her for many hard words. How characteristic, by the by, are the incidental touches of the latter sort which already this first volume contains! Mr. Forster has indulged his readers with a reference to Mr. Gladstone's rather imaginative interpretation of Swift's Lincor bequest, advanced in one of the debates on the Irish Church Bill. What an admirable quotation the following would have made for the Irish Land Bill discussions:—

I forgot to tell you that no accounts from your tenants can be relied on. If they paid you but a peppercorn a year, they would be readier to ask for abatement than offer an advance. It is the universal maxim throughout the kingdom. I have known them fling up a lease, and the next day give a fine to have it again. It has not been known in the memory of man that an Irish tenant ever once spoke truth to his landlord.

Nor can we forbear from here recalling that excellent passage in the abstract given by Mr. Forster of one of Swift's letters, in which he tells his fair correspondents of the linnet purchased for sixpence by his servant Pat—a "Teague" like his master, but not by the accident of birth only. Pat was cherishing the linnet as a gift for Mrs. Dingley, and reported the bird as "in full feather, the wildest ever seen, though bought for his tameness, and quite able to fly after" the ladies "to Ireland"—"if he be willing," adds Swift, to whom, as Mr. Forster observes, "it is always matter of doubt if anything or anybody will ever willingly go over to Ireland."

But to return to Swift's University life. Trinity College, in the person of one of its vice-provosts, actually contrived to misread its own documentary evidence as to Swift's career within its walls; and it is only now that Mr. Forster has established the fact that the degree examination passed by Swift was the reverse of discreditable, while the way in which the degree itself was conferred upon him implied no stigma of any sort. The suspension to which "Sir Swift" was sentenced seems at least as likely to have been a punishment inflicted upon his cousin and college contemporary as upon himself; while the outrage by which he is supposed even by Scott to have incurred the resentment of the College authorities cannot be in any way connected with his name. This may seem but a trifling sort of error to set right; but the misrepresentation in question is by no means so insignificant as might at first sight appear. The current belief as to Swift's academical troubles has coloured the whole popular conception as to his early life, and has perhaps helped to give rise to the view, in itself less excusably false, as to his original position when an inmate of Sir William Temple's house at Moor Park. Thus it would be difficult to say whether Macaulay's picture of Swift dining at "the second table," or M. Taine's vivacious fancy of the poor scholar at Trinity shocking the professors by his rebellious folly, stands in greater need of correction; but the two seem to fall in so well with one another as to appear to make up one truth. It is, however, of more importance not to lose sight of the fact, well brought out by Mr. Forster, that not only did Swift's political genius, as was very truly remarked by Macaulay, find a suitable training in Temple's society and employment, but that at Moor Park he enjoyed opportunities of study without which neither his knowledge nor his powers of satire could have ripened so soon and so effectively.

Of two decisive steps taken by Swift in the earlier part of his life Mr. Forster judges with a common sense unfortunately not at all too common among those who are wont to dwell on the self-contradictions or self-irony (as it is sometimes grandly called) of the life in question. Swift's resolution to enter the Church was an altogether natural and proper one under the circumstances. There is no evidence that there was at any time anything in his religious views to have interfered with his conscientiously taking orders. He refused to adopt the profession as a mere means of support; on the other hand, he never concealed his desire to combine with the performance of its active duties political employment, or to exchange the former for the latter. His first chaplaincy he accepted and retained for some time "for the chance of a political secretaryship connected with it." As late as the year 1708, or thereabouts, he hoped to be sent as Secretary of Legation to Vienna, and still later he was thought likely to accompany St. John in a similar capacity to Holland. All this was quite in accordance with the usage of the times, though we are of course at perfect liberty to hold it to be well that this usage was already on the wane. It would be equally absurd to blame Swift for having abandoned his clerical duties, when he quitted his "congregation of half a score" for a protracted sojourn in London. Finally, the preferment which he so long desired, though at times he renounced all hopes of it, he never indecorously sought, and the hope that the Queen might be influenced in his favour by his *Project for the Advancement of Religion* was only futile because

Queen Anne was—what she is called neither in Prior's unfinished poem nor on her monument at Windsor.

We confess ourselves less satisfied as to the possibility of approving Swift's conduct as a politician in the critical period of the downfall of the Whigs, though the drift of Mr. Forster's account of it seems on the whole to be to represent it as unobjectionable. Undoubtedly, Swift at all times kept his hands free from "the taint of Grub Street"; he was no man to write for hire, or to place his pen in any Minister's pay. When Harley, with that abominable sangfroid which "men of the world" are at times too apt to display in their dealings with men of letters, thrust into the hands of Swift a bank-note for fifty pounds, he was very speedily undeceived as to the man whose aid he proposed to acknowledge after this fashion. The preferment for which Swift at times looked was not in his eyes the reward due to his services, but the acknowledgment due to his position, a distinction which no candid judge will find any difficulty in allowing. His reward he found in the sense of power he so keenly enjoyed, a power which, with a roughness not altogether ignoble, he insisted on having recognized in his treatment as a social equal by the leaders of the party to which he had attached himself. We are willing to go further, and to allow that in the political principles of Swift, so far as they related to government in Church and State, there was never any essential change. He had upheld the interests of his order in the Irish First-Fruits question, and the interests as he conceived them of his Church in the Irish Tests question, while the Whigs still claimed him as their own. His *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*—a tract written before he joined the Tories—was a protest against extremes, and an attempt to moderate between them. In political matters he never was false to what it is usual to call the principles of the Revolution, and nothing could ever have turned him into a conspiring Tory ready to become a tool in the hands of Jacobite intriguers. Had he attached himself to the Tories in order to secure at their hands the settlement of the question which was the nominal object of his presence in London, and given their Government the benefit of his support as its policy approved itself to him, there would be no reason to cavil at his conduct. But after the First-Fruits business had been, as he thought, settled, he engaged himself to become the literary defender of the new Ministers "for some few months," in return for Harley's promise of "establishing" him in England. If we could believe that he was actuated by a desire to call into life that peace policy which was destined, with his aid, so well to serve the purpose of the Tories, this compact would assume another aspect. But this, on Mr. Forster's own showing, would be an untenable assumption. Personal motives alone can have actuated him in binding himself, though only temporarily, to the new Ministers. We do not suppose these motives to have been of an ignoble kind. True, the Whigs had done nothing for him. Halifax's gift of a volume of French religious poetry was, as Swift afterwards wrote on its fly-leaf, the only favour he had ever received from that statesman or his party. A sense of neglect and a love of power accordingly led him over to the party whose leaders showed every disposition to court him, and were, as St. John afterwards owned, determined to have him. Such motives are both intelligible and excusable; but the man who gives way to them at such a time as that when Swift left the sinking Whigs can claim no exemption from the judgment which ordinarily befalls what another eminent critic of these transactions (Mr. Elwin), in [our opinion rightly, calls inconsistency, not of principles, but of conduct. Doubtless Steele's position at this time was very different from Swift's, and had the Whig journalist listened to the voice of the charmer he would have covered himself with shame. But, even so, it is easy to understand the bitterness with which Swift resented the failure of the attempt to make Steele and his friend Addison hear reason as to the way in which the former might have retained his appointments. Again, other men of letters were less scrupulous than Steele, and yet have escaped the censures with which Swift's conduct has been visited. Herein he has, however, only paid the penalty exacted from great men when they swerve from a standard of conduct which the example of such as they more than anything else helps to maintain.

Though we would gladly have pursued this subject, and added some further remarks on Swift's early connexion with politics as illustrated in this volume—how shrewdly, by the way, does he gauge the veracity of statesmen's answers to inquiries in the saying humorously margined by his biographer, "How not to do it"—we must turn before concluding to an aspect of his life in which politics only incidentally intermingle. For "I tell you," he writes, "what comes into my head, that I never knew whether MD were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt. is a Tory, not a violent one; I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of trimmer." Esther Johnson, the Ppt. of this cabalistic reference (Mrs. Dingley being the DD, and both together the MD), whose politics, "such as they were," says Mr. Forster, "were Whig, and derived from Swift himself," will share the chief interest of this volume with the friend with whom her memory is inseparably associated. The labour which Mr. Forster has devoted to tracing a thoroughly authentic account of the relations between Swift and Esther Johnson—not yet Stella, and never (we most cordially agree with Mr. Forster, Thackeray notwithstanding) "Stellakins"—has not been undertaken in vain. In the place of futile conjectures he has given us a transparently clear narrative of the origin and progress of these relations up to

the point at present reached by his biography, and as we dwell upon the picture it proves as true to nature as it is to fact. Their love began with the fondness of the young man of two-and-twenty for the child of seven; and of this its earliest phase, the "little language" with which we now for the first time become acquainted in its genuine form and fulness remained the enduring expression, after the character of the relation had deepened into the mutual affection of man and woman. We should not, if we had space to do so, care to quote more of the "little language" itself; we will only beg the reader's attention to Mr. Forster's labours on its behalf, to his exposure of the omissions of former editors, and of so delightful a blunder as that which interpreted "Zinkerman" (i.e. gentleman) to mean "some outlandish or foreign distinction." Nor should his incidental comments on the little tricks which Swift loved to play in these letters in the way of inventing "old proverbs" be overlooked. As to the story of Esther and Swift itself, it necessarily remains incomplete at present. But while Mr. Forster leaves no doubt as to his opinion of the nature of the relation between them during the entire course of its history, his picture of its earlier course is consistent with itself, and requires no non-natural interpretation. So far as Swift is concerned, its most critical passage is his conduct on the occasion of Tisdall's overtures—whom, by the by, an enterprising French dramatist not many years ago converted into a sentimental hero, probably a rather different personage from the original, whose name afterwards served Swift as a convenient expletive ("a Tisdall fellow"). While we can see nothing selfish or unbecoming in Swift's conduct on this occasion as shown by his concluding letter to Tisdall, we must content ourselves for the present with recording Mr. Forster's deliberate opinion that the relation between Swift and Esther Johnson was finally determined by the close of this episode:—

Written when Esther Johnson was in her twenty-second year and Swift in his thirty-sixth, the letter describes with exactness the relations that, in the opinion of the present writer, who can find no evidence of a marriage that is at all reasonably sufficient, subsisted between them at the day of her death; then she was entering her fortieth year and he had passed his sixtieth. Even assuming it to be less certain than I think it that she had never given the least favourable ear to Tisdall's suit, there can be no doubt that the result of its abrupt termination was to connect her future indissolubly with that of Swift. The limit as to their intercourse expressed by him, if not before known to her, she had now been made aware of; and it is not open to us to question that she accepted it with its plainly implied conditions—of Affection, not Desire.

After trying to recall Esther Johnson by means of the numberless little touches in the letters of her correspondent, one has little interest left for the great ladies who paid their court to him in the days of his London life. Still less is attention likely to be attracted by the shade of Varina and the altogether impersonal phantasm of an earlier "Eliza," which flit across the earlier pages of this volume. At its close we have become aware of the existence of a more interesting character; but though, as Mr. Forster points out, there was clearly no attempt on Swift's part to conceal from his correspondent his acquaintance with the Vanhomrighs, of whom he makes constant mention, it may not be inapposite to ask whether, during the period in question, he, except on one occasion, makes any reference in the correspondence to "Vanessa" herself? But the development of his relations with her belongs to a future part of this most interesting book.

To the observations which it already contributes to an estimate of Swift's literary genius we have no space to refer. But many of them—such as those on the literary results of the harsh judgment passed by Dryden upon the early verses of his "cousin Swift"—are full of suggestiveness; and of the charming poem of *Baucis and Philemon* Mr. Forster is able to furnish his readers with the original version, uncut by the improvements suggested by Addison. A review of the works of Swift discussed in this volume could only show how true he was to the resolution formed by him when he first set about writing satire, "to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world being already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject." And whatever his theme, and whatever the degree to which he gave the rein to his powers of satire, he was likewise always true to that instinct of style which gives to his political invective, to his humorous verse, and to his most originally conceived fictions, the same masterly and inimitable quality of internal truthfulness. Thus few writers have ever achieved results which seem so easily explicable and yet are so absolutely incontestable and so perfectly secure. Other reasons may be given for this; but one literary characteristic of Swift's is almost supreme over the rest, even over his humour itself. It is that at which the Babylonians wondered in Zadig:—"Il se contentait d'avoir le style de la raison."

THE INN ALBUM.*

MR. BROWNING, the greater part of whose poetry shows strong tragic instincts, has never chosen a more dramatic, or, it may be added, a more terrible, subject than he has done in *The Inn Album*. In this he has displayed more than anywhere else the essentially dramatic power of concentration which he possesses in a marked degree. On some occasions he has been apt to disregard the value of this faculty; his imagination has seemed to be so full that it could not resist the various suggestions offered by things which should be merely episodic; and in letting it dwell at

length upon these, he has thrown away the penetrating vigour which he might have gained by keeping closer to the telling of his story. The force of his new poem, which is appalling in the swift convergence of three histories of tragic passion, is little marred by any wandering into the realms of the speculative reflection that takes a reader's attention away from the characters put before him. The four chief personages of the narrative, and even "the obsequious landlord," are brought into distinct life, and with but few exceptions retain their individuality clearly throughout. The masterly way in which the situation that Mr. Browning has invented is grasped and handled recalls the works of another poet, Alfred de Musset, between whom and Mr. Browning there is in other respects no resemblance. But the vague presentiment of a coming terror, suggested in some indefinable manner from the first, the suddenness and completeness of its descent upon its victims, and the compression of a vast extent of passion into the speech and action of a few hours, are common to *The Inn Album*, and, to take one striking instance from the French poet's productions, *Les Caprices de Marianne*.

In Mr. Browning's work these qualities are the more remarkable from the presence of certain difficulties which he has himself thrown in the way. One of these lies in the form, neither properly narrative nor dramatic, which he has constantly affected, and which we cannot think him wise in adopting. The habit of omitting any indication from the writer as to which of his characters is speaking cannot but tend to confusion; and the very force of the poet's dramatic perception, constantly suggesting that his conception could be more happily carried out in the form of drama than in narration, can hardly fail to produce some sense of incompleteness. Again, Mr. Browning has been careful not to assign a name to any of the persons in his poem; by doing which he has gained for himself the credit of triumphing over a somewhat needless difficulty, and has thrown considerable difficulties in the way of any who may wish to repeat his story after him.

To say that the writer's meaning is occasionally obscure, and the metre frequently rugged, is only to say what might safely have been predicted. There is, however, far less of obscurity in *The Inn Album* than in *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* or *Pippa at the Fair*, and it may be said that in the case of a poet of signal worth one can afford to be at some trouble in arriving at his intention. Of the ruggedness of his metre the poet is evidently as conscious as any one else. One of his characters, turning the pages of the *Inn Album*, comes upon this metrical effort—

If a fellow can dine On rumpsteaks and port wine,
He needs not despair Of dining well here—

and observes:—

"Here!" I myself could find a better rhyme!
That bard's a Browning; he neglects the form:
But ah, the sense, ye gods, the weighty sense!

It is matter of speculation whether Mr. Browning's neglect of form is entirely deliberate. He has shown in many of his shorter pieces a full command of an easy swing of metre; and this suggests that he may think his powerful thought is better conveyed in the "springless and uncushioned vehicles" which he is apt to choose for it than in some more gracious fashion. If so, we venture to conceive that he is wrong, and that his works will live, not in any way by reason of the gnarled form which snatches rather than attracts attention, but by the strong imagination and thought which overcome their uncouth clothing. What lesser writer than Mr. Browning could dare to pen such lines as these, which describe the catastrophe of *The Inn Album*:—

A tiger-flash—yell, spring, and scream: halloo!
Death's out and on him, has and holds him—ugh!

As verse is generally held to be rather an exaltation of ordinary speech, the expression in it of an inarticulate cry, which, except in moments of overwhelming excitement, is lower than ordinary speech, must always be a doubtful expedient. The "G-r-r-r" of the monk in Mr. Browning's *Spanish Cloister* is not out of keeping with the grim humour of the situation. The "ugh!" in the passage above would in the mouth of one of its actors be questionable. In the mouth of the narrator it becomes ridiculous. Another of the poet's least agreeable peculiarities comes out in such lines as these, where the indefinite article is constantly left out:—

By nightfall we should probably have chanced
On much the same main points of interest—
Both of us measured girth of mossy trunk,
Striped ivy from its strangled prey, clapped hands
At squirrel, sent a fir-cone after crow,
And so forth.

What is more surprising than this is the strange disregard of grammatical rule in the words, "Presently the road's end with the sky's beginning *etc.*" Mr. Browning is a great poet, and to great poets some liberty must be allowed. That he should reduce the English language in his verse to the harsh brevity of a telegram, instead of beautifying it as he could do, is annoying. That he should cast off all restrictions of grammar is intolerable.

Thus far of the defects which unfortunately seem inseparable from Mr. Browning's style. We may now go on to consider his story and his characters. Two men are discovered in the inn-room which contains the *Inn Album*, and one of them is counting up the amount of his losses at cards. The room and its objects are brought before the reader with singular reality in these lines:—

Two personages occupy this room
Shabby-genteel, that's parlour to the inn
Perched on a view-commanding eminence;
—Inn which may be a veritable house

* *The Inn Album*. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

Where somebody once lived and pleased good taste
Till tourists found his coigne of vantage out,
And fingered blunt the individual mark
And vulgarized things comfortably smooth.
On a sprig-pattern-papered wall there brays
Complaint to sky Sir Edwin's dripping stag;
His couchant coast-guard creature corresponds;
They face the Huguenot and Light o' the World.
Grim o'er the mirror on the mantelpiece,
Varnished and coffined, *Salmo ferox* glares,
—Possibly at the List of Wines which, framed
And glazed, hangs somewhat prominent on peg.
So much describes the stuffy little room—
Vulgar flat smooth respectability.

It is odd to find such a bald line as

he who of the pair
Is, plain enough, the younger personage

coming immediately after this. The attributes of the two men are brought out in the course of the dialogue between them. The elder is a titled rake; the younger, his pupil in worldly knowledge, the rich son of a rich tradesman who has come to the inn to visit hard by the pretty cousin to whom he is engaged. They have spent the night in play, the elder hoping to pocket a considerable sum. But the younger has won ten thousand pounds, which, with the generosity of youth, he wishes to cancel. Against this the elder offers various objections. He will not have any such story told of him:—

Oh, don't be savage! You would hold your tongue,
Bite it in two, as man may; but those small
Hours in the smoking-room, when instance apt
Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,
And the thinned company consists of six
Capital well-known fellows one may trust!
Next week, it's in the "World." No, thank you much.
I owe ten thousand pounds: I'll pay them!

They stroll together towards the station, and as they go fall into an exchange of confidences. The elder reveals the story of one sin the commission of which, at the end of a long list of others, has, as he thinks, ruined the chance of happiness that was offered to him. His Leporello-list, he says, was large enough when he saw a woman who seemed to him more beautiful than any he had seen:—

Her father was my brother's tutor, got
The living that way: him I chanced to see—
Her I saw—her the world would grow one eye
To see, I felt no sort of doubt at all!
"Secure her!" cried the devil; "afterward
Arrange for the disposal of the prize!"

This was four years before the meeting at the inn, and the date and the fact of the father being a tutor strike the younger man. The elder's story goes on to tell how, when he revealed his falsehood to the girl, she changed her love to utter scorn, and how when, seeing what a prize he had lost, he offered her marriage, she rejected him with withering contempt. Afterwards he heard that she had married a "smug curate-creature." The younger man's story is of a beautiful woman whom he worshipped at Oxford, who could not listen to his love because she was another's. A good-natured friend told him that this woman had fallen into the toils of an elderly rake, whom afterwards, as he heard, she married. So, having exchanged their stories, they part, the elder to return to the inn, the younger, if he can, to get an invitation for his friend from his aunt.

While they have talked, the pretty cousin has arrived at the inn to meet and ask counsel from an old friend of hers, a beautiful woman of whom she has lost sight for four years. The cousin has gone away, to return after a certain lapse of time for an answer to her questions, and the elder woman is alone in the inn room when the profligate gambler enters it. She speaks to him with scathing scorn, and presently tells him her story. It is not, as he thinks, a "smug curate-creature" that she has married, but a parish priest grown old in narrow bitterness, whose daily round of petty care she lightens:—

"My life? I teach the poor and learn, myself,
That commonplace to such stupidity
Is all-recondite. Being brutalized
Their true need is brute-language, cheery grunts
And kindly cluckings, no articulate
Nonsense that's elsewhere knowledge."

"My husband, bent
On saving his own soul by saving theirs,—
They, bent on being saved if saving soul
Included body's getting bread and cheese
Somehow in life and somehow after death—
Both parties were alike in the same boat,
One danger, therefore one equality."

Then comes, after her tale is finished, a passionate appeal from him to leave her barren life and fly with him; she replies with contempt, the door opens, and the younger man, coming in, discovers his friend kneeling at the feet of the woman whom he loved at Oxford, whom he loves still.

The situation, it will be seen, is striking; and Mr. Browning turns it to the best account. The intricacies which arise from this meeting are managed by him with a happy force and clearness; but it would be difficult, partly from want of names, to describe them after him. The catastrophe is terrible, and well brought in. Perhaps it may be said that the device of the elder man which brings his fate upon his head is something too devilish even for a man of his cast; or it may be rather that the motives which urge him are not sufficiently elaborated. Indeed the whole of

the conclusion wants elaboration, and gives the impression that the poet grew tired of his work and finished it off with undue haste. We have spoken at some length of defects in Mr. Browning's new poem, which have been observed in much of his other work. We may be allowed, perhaps, to conclude our notice with a passage which for truth, force, and passion it would be difficult to surpass. The older man has told his victim that she can never have loved him:—

I wronged love,
Am ruined,—and there was no love to wrong!

She replies:—

"No love? Ah, dead love! I invoke thy ghost
To show the murdered where thy heart poured life
At summons of the stroke he doubts was dealt
On pasteboard and pretence! Not love, my love!
I changed for you the very laws of life:
Made you the standard of all right, all fair.
No genius but you could have been, no sage,
No sufferer—which is grandest—for the truth!
My hero—where the heroic only hid
To burst from hiding, brighten earth one day!
Age and decline were man's maturity;
Face, form were nature's type: more grace, more strength,
What had they been but just superfluous gauds,
Lawless divergence? I have danced through day
On tiptoe at the music of a word,
Have wondered where was darkness gone as night
Burst out in stars at brilliance of a smile!
Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat
Your fancied presence; in companionship,
I kept my finger constant to your glove
Glued to my breast; then—where was all the world?
I schemed—not dreamed—how I might die some death
Should save your finger aching! Who creates
Destroys, he only: I had laughed to scorn
Whatever angel tried to shake my faith
And make you seem unworthy: you yourself
Only could do that! With a touch 'twas done.
'Give me all, trust me wholly!' At the word,
I did give, I did trust—and thereupon
The touch did follow. Ah, the quiet smile,
The masterfully folded arm in arm,
As trick obtained its triumph one time more!
In turn, my soul too triumphs in defeat:
Treason like faith moves mountains: love is gone!"

GUHL AND KONER'S LIFE OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.*

WE have not the original of this book at hand, but we should rather like to compare it with the translation. Mr. Hüffer tells us in his "Translator's Note," that "to make the present volume more acceptable to the English reader, the letterpress has been considerably shortened, partly by means of condensation, such as the more concise character of our language in comparison with the German permits of, partly by the occasional omission of details which seemed to be somewhat beyond the scope of the work." Now, as far as we can judge without seeing the original, we somehow suspect that this process of shortening has not been a change for the better. We should like to know what the details were which were thought to be somewhat beyond the scope of the work. Taking the book as it stands, what it wants is just a little more life, and the thought cannot help presenting itself that the details which were cut out may have given it that life. As it is, the book reads rather too much like a dictionary, with its articles taken out of their alphabetical order, and put one after the other according to some theory of the connexion of subjects. Now a dictionary, any of Dr. Smith's, for instance, would certainly not gain by such a process. A man writes in one way in an article in a dictionary which is to be referred to, or at most to be read by itself without reference to what comes before or after it, and he writes in another way in a book which is to be read through. What is the right thing in the one place is not the right thing in the other. Some of Dr. Smith's writers now and then get eloquent or sarcastic or moralizing, and our one thought is that the eloquence, the sarcasm, or the morality would be better somewhere else. A dictionary in its own nature is somewhat dry, and it is no kind of fault in it that it is dry. But in a book which invites us to read straight on one looks for somewhat more life than one finds in the present work, at all events as translated by Mr. Hüffer. It would also have been much better if the book had been more broken up. It has no divisions greater than a numbered paragraph, except one headed "the Greeks," which takes in 293 pages, and another headed "the Romans," which takes in 300 pages more. We change from one subject to another, without any of those stoppages and halting-places which the typographical art supplies to the great relief of both author and readers. Add to this that we really must dispute Mr. Hüffer's right to speak of English as "our language." The book is full of the oddest idioms and uses of words. In the first page we read of "the numerous and variegated productions of Greek architecture." It is certain that Greek buildings were much more variegated in the common sense of the word than one is apt to think, but what is meant here clearly is *varied*. So we are told that "the Greeks were enabled and gifted more than any other nation to render the innermost nature of their genius in external works of art." To say nothing of the

* *The Life of the Greeks and Romans described from Antique Monuments.* By E. Guhl and W. Koner. Translated from the third German Edition by F. Hüffer. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

"gifted," the "rendering" here seems an odd process. Among the queer uses of words which are now in fashion, a tradesman's bill is "rendered" instead of being sent in, and a psalm is "rendered" instead of being sung. But, even with these helps, we do not quite see our way to the rendering of the innermost nature of genius in external works of art. Presently we find that the works of Greek architecture "give us a much more vivid idea of Greek life than the mostly isolated written testimonials in our possession are able to do." Then we hear of "the architectural remnants of the Greeks"; "one encounters a second row of six columns," and so on. It is instructive to find in this, as in most other cases, that, when foreigners bungle in their English, it is most commonly with words that are not English at all. But we must add one thing which is important for the translation of this and a good many other German books. It does not do to translate *Pfeiler* by *pillar*. *Pillar* and *column* are not opposed to one another in English in the same way that *Pfeiler* and *Säule* are in German. In German *Pfeiler* is distinctively a square pier or respond. *Pillar* in English is almost any support of an arch or entablature. *Pfeiler* and *Säule* stand opposed, while one would say that columns were one class of pillars, namely those that keep some kind of likeness to the Greek and Roman orders.

But the book itself, if somewhat heavy to read through, is a really good and useful one. A vast mass of matter has been got together, and, in conformity with the general plan of the book, which is to illustrate ancient life from existing monuments, it is lavishly enriched with woodcuts. "Life," in the sense of the title-page, takes in architecture and the other arts, religious and funeral ceremonies, amusements of all kinds, military and naval weapons and the like, and generally what we may call the outside of life. The book is thus a book of antiquities, essentially of the same kind as the books of Greek and Roman antiquities that were in vogue in a past generation, only with the vast difference which is implied in the advance of scholarship and of antiquarian research since those days. But that it is only the outside of life that is dealt with is at once seen if we compare it with such a book as Mr. Mahaffy's. Of the highest side of Greek life, the political, the literary, and the social life in the truest sense, either Messrs. Guhl and Koner tell us little, or else Mr. Hüffer has left it out. But in truth these are matters which are not capable of much illustration from buildings, works of art, weapons, utensils, and the like. The two lines are different. We may count one higher than the other, but each has its use, and it is a great gain to have such a mass of illustrations before us as we have in the present volume. The architectural part, the details and arrangements of temples, houses, and the like, is done with great care, and with abundance of illustrations of buildings both in their present state and as restored. Still of course, treated in this way, with the Greek buildings in one division and the Roman in another, it does not make a consecutive history of architectural forms. But it is exceedingly full in its own way; the different forms of temples are clearly traced out; the earliest Greek remains, with the strivings after the arch, are largely illustrated, though perhaps their importance in a general view of the art of building is hardly so strongly brought out as it might have been. In the Roman division, Pompeii of course supplies endless materials; the theatres, the amphitheatres, the basilicas, are all carefully gone through. But, when we get to the basilicas, we begin to chafe against our bonds; we want to leap over our barrier, and go on with that unbroken succession of which the basilica of Jupiter and the basilica of St. Peter are alike parts. The middle wall of partition, the hard and fast line at 476 A.D. or any other time, is as intolerable in the history of art as it is in the history of language or politics.

The arrangement of the book is not very easy to follow, but from the buildings, through a great number of other subjects, we gradually get to warlike weapons and to ships. But here again it is merely the outside; we do not get the life of Greek warfare, which indeed cannot be kept apart from Greek polity. But we might have liked to see a description a little less technical, and, if possible, even an imaginary representation, of some of the vast ships of later Greek times, when the trireme of Athens had grown into the ship of Ptolemy Philopator with its forty banks of oars. This was a ship more for show than for use, and could only move in smooth water; but our authors well bring out the great speed which with the use of oars could be obtained by ships of a more manageable size. "Balbillus went from Messina to Alexandria in six days; the French mail steamers require six and a half days for the same distance." It illustrates the odd arrangement of the book that directly after these nautical details, with no break beyond a fresh paragraph, we read, "From the serious business of life we now follow the Greek citizen to scenes of merriment"; and the page which began with an account of turreted ships and catapults ends with the history of the change from sitting to reclining at meals.

The architectural part occupies a larger share of the Roman than of the Greek division. This follows almost naturally, not only because of the much greater store of examples that we have of Roman buildings, but also because of the nature of those buildings themselves. The column and its entablature cannot produce the same variety of forms as come in when the arch has produced the vault and the vault has produced the cupola. And it marks the difference between the two forms of life, that in the Roman division we have to treat of one class of buildings for which free Greece had no need. The amphitheatre, and all that went on in it, has no place in the

former division of the book; the quail-fight and the cock-fight are the nearest approaches. But our authors, in their rather dry way, give us an opportunity of tracing two different developments from the same source. The fights of the gladiators came in as a softening of the cruelty of human sacrifices. They grew into something far more cruel than the human sacrifices. The same softening of the human sacrifice led to the whipping of the Spartan boys at the altar of Artemis and stopped there. Other milder forms of survival may be traced among both nations.

In a book like this, which contains such a mass of matter on various subjects, and the arrangement of which is not always very easy to follow, it was specially necessary to have a good index of subjects. The table of contents at the beginning and an index of terms at the end by no means wholly supply this want. The book is a handsome and useful one, and, with its many illustrations, it well carries out its own scheme of using the existing monuments to throw light on manners and customs; but, as it hardly professes to go beyond the outside of things, it might have been better to have given it still more completely the character of a book of reference.

BAX'S VOYAGE IN THE EASTERN SEAS.*

THE narrative of the desultory cruises of H.M. gunboat *Dwarf* in Chinese, Japanese, and Siberian waters, though slight and brief, is well worth the publishing. It gives an excellent idea of the multifarious duties of a ship of war detached for service on that distant station, and tells us a good deal about the geography and hydrography of coasts and islands which are comparatively unfrequented. What is of more consequence, Captain Bax observed with a professional eye the progress that the Celestials and the Japanese have been lately making in the art of war, as well as those harbours and military stations which the Russians have been fortifying on the shores of the Gulf of Tartary. Moreover, he took a lively interest in everything he saw and heard, and describes it all in a simple and unaffected style, without any superfluous verbiage, so that there is no lack of variety in his notes, and we can recommend them as very agreeable reading.

Captain Bax sailed from England in the summer of 1871, and remained abroad till the winter of 1874, so that his volume covers two years and a half. He took his crew with him, as well as that of the *Arcon*, these ships having been paid off at Hong Kong, to be immediately put in commission again. His chief duties in China seem to have been looking after the vessels which are perpetually being stranded in those dangerous seas. The navigation is intricate, the currents are dangerous; and the charts apparently are scarcely all that could be desired. At certain seasons the steady prevalence of strong north-easterly winds compels vessels that would make way in the contrary direction to hug the shore. There, of course, the currents or the undertow are always treacherous, while there are plenty of rocky islets and sunken reefs. Occasionally, too, the prevalent wind is varied by a tremendous typhoon, which is dangerous enough to anything anywhere, to say nothing of a heavily-laden vessel labouring off a lee-shore. Even when ships escape the rocks to be driven on the beach, the perils of the crews are often only beginning. Piracy is too common, and some of the piratical junks and lorchas are always on the outlook. Many of the smaller islands as well as extensive districts of Formosa are inhabited by fierce and inhospitable savages. Even the more peaceable coast tribes have learned to look on any derelict as lawful prize, as some of our own Cornishmen and Welshmen did not so very long ago. When they see such a godsend as a ship in difficulties they pull off as a matter of course to appropriate her. Fortunately there is so much trade in those great waterways that generally vessels touching anywhere have intelligence of any accidents of the kind. When the news is forwarded to any of Her Majesty's ships they proceed immediately to the scene of the disaster. Captain Bax tells more than one story of a very gallant defence on the part of a shipwrecked captain and his crew, aided, by the passengers on board, although we presume that the crews in most cases are composed almost entirely of natives. Generally he found the Chinese officials exceedingly friendly, anxious to put a stop to these outrages, which are highly injurious to their own commerce, and very ready to lend the English every assistance in their power. But in cities little accustomed to the presence of Europeans, the lower orders hate the "foreign devils" as much as ever they did. Captain Bax mentions repeatedly, quite in a matter-of-fact way, how he and his companions were mobbed, abused, and even pelted with stones, while making their way for miles through the crowded native quarters to the palace of some great man in authority. The fact is that our relations with China must always remain on a critical footing, and embarrassing questions will be constantly arising, which intriguers at Peking may turn to their selfish ends. And from what we learn from Captain Bax we may be thankful that we tidied over our difficulties with them the other day. Not that there could have been any doubt as to the issue of a war; but it is certain that they have become much more formidable since they made such a gallant but unskilful defence of their very primitive fortifications on the Peiho. They have established arsenals and workshops under the direction of intelligent Europeans, with most

* *A Narrative of the Voyage of Her Majesty's Ship "Dwarf" in China, Japan, and Formosa. By Captain B. W. Bax, R.N. London: John Murray. 1875.*

of the latest improvements and inventions. Captain Bax describes a visit to the establishment at Foo-Chow, which is under the superintendence of M. Giquel, formerly a lieutenant in the French navy. He says that their plant was excellent, and they turned out very fine and fast gunboats, exceedingly well adapted for their navigation. The seamen were put through a regular course of practice, and many of them had learned to be smart in their gun-drill. Their chief want is good officers, although they are doing their best to improve in that respect. They have a naval college, with French and English instructors, with a training barque attached to it under command of an Englishman, which regularly takes the cadets to sea. It is Captain Bax's opinion that, "if the Chinese gunboats were commanded by men that their crews had confidence in, they would be very formidable, as they have good speed and were well armed." That will probably come in time, and with an efficient system for training cadets. At present the seniors belong chiefly to the old, ignorant, and prejudiced school, although sometimes even among them promotion goes by merit. The expedition sent to observe the Japanese operations in Formosa was commanded by a man who had distinguished himself as pilot on board the *Bittern* when it made short work of a fleet of piratical junks in a very desperate action. Now he is a military mandarin of high rank, and was flying his commodore's flag on board the heaviest corvette.

Since Mr. Atkinson published his exhaustive account of the Russian settlements on the Amoor and in Eastern Siberia we have heard little from authentic sources of the doings of the Russians in those parts. In 1873 the English squadron, the famous *Iron Duke* at the head of it, made a summer cruise up the Gulf of Tartary. It would appear that Russia has adopted the policy of systematic colonialization, with the view of establishing itself in a commanding position in the event of being involved in troubles with China or Japan. On Russian territory there is a choice of excellent harbours which may be easily strengthened against attack. In Possiet Bay there is tolerable coal in abundance, the strata actually cropping out upon the surface, although as yet the Russians go to their great forests for much of the fuel they burn in their steamships. These forests make dismal stations for their garrisons, and we should imagine that the life the soldiers lead there is but little preferable to that of Siberian convicts. The climate is inclement in the extreme for the greater part of the year, and the dense woods come close down on the settlements. In some places there are no roads at all, with the exception of a rough track for hauling timber. There is seldom any cultivation of the soil, and the men are rationed as on board ships. There would seem to be severe regulations with regard to marriage, for in one of the garrisons, as we are told, there were only a couple of women. But, with the easy-going fatalism of the Russian peasant, the soldiers resign themselves; and in the dull routine of their life of drill and pipeclay the officers are, as might be expected, extremely hospitable to visitors. Still, if an agricultural population could be persuaded to expatriate itself, it might do very well there. At Possiet Bay, the first place our cruisers touched at, we are told that the soil was exceedingly fertile, and that the few potatoes the garrison raised appeared to thrive—no proof of richness of soil, by the way, for potatoes take most kindly to light and sandy ground. There is a standing camp of one thousand men fifteen miles inland; but of trade there is little, though the anchorage is inviting. Hides, seaweed, and sea slugs for the Chinese markets are the sole articles of export. Vladivostok, seventy miles to the northward, promises to be the great naval depot of the future. There is a safe harbour and a sheltered roadstead; the Russians have already constructed a dockyard there, and intend to transfer their headquarters to it from Nikolaevsk. Three war vessels were lying there on the occasion of the English squadron's visit. It is significant that even this out-of-the-way place is attached to Europe by a couple of telegraph lines. You can either send messages by Japan and Shanghai, or direct to St. Petersburg across Siberia; while all the stations on the coast are connected by telegraphic communications. The English party steamed up the Amoor river in the little *Dwarf*. The navigation of the river must always be treacherous, because the sand-banks at the mouth are continually changing. The town of Nikolaevsk has hitherto been the residence of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and he exchanged official visits with the English Commander-in-Chief. It is built of wood, even to the Governor's residence, and is already in course of being abandoned, as the seat of government is to be transferred to the southward.

Captain Bax's experiences in Japan are amusing and instructive, but contain little that is very new. He makes no attempt at the solution of the great problem of the late revolution, nor does he offer any explanation of the causes of the patriotic self-abnegation that led the great Daimios unanimously to sacrifice their independence. There had been troubles and local insurrections, owing seemingly to the discontent of the disbanded Samurai, who found the dole of rice allotted them under the new system a disagreeable change from the plenty they had enjoyed under the former feudal system. Personally, however, in travelling through the country Captain Bax found no difficulties; he was treated everywhere with respect, and received every attention on the part of the authorities. The most interesting part of his references to the Japanese are his remarks on the soldiers he saw on service. A force had been marched to Saga to put down a revolt. The soldiers that were sent were armed in the European fashion, and the light artillery was particularly well adapted for work in a mountainous country. "They were small wiry men, and

marched well; they were armed with rifles, and wore a uniform resembling the French in the cut, on account of their instructors having been principally French." Our author had an opportunity subsequently of testing their soldierlike qualities when they were engaged in their campaign against the savages of Formosa. They went at the strong stockades of the Bootan barbarians with a dash, and carried them quickly before the defenders had time to recover from their surprise. What is more, they behaved with great political discretion, giving out that they had merely come to punish particular outrages, and doing their best to conciliate the tribes who had not been directly concerned in these. There can be no question from their previous history that the Japanese are a chivalrous and warlike people; if they learn to submit to European discipline, there can be no reason why they should not become a formidable power. In short, one finds in Captain Bax's book a good deal of the information one is glad to have, given in an agreeable form, and when a writer has really something to tell he may be sure of a favourable reception from the public.

A MEMOIR OF GENERAL DUFOUR.*

UNTIL the spring of this year was far advanced, Geneva, that city of refugees, religious and political, where the population is more mixed and opinions are more various than in any other place of the same size in Europe, had a sight peculiarly her own—a citizen more venerated than any of the strangers whom her lively population has stared at this century past. Not since our own Duke strolled down Whitehall to the Lords, his ready forefinger passing to his hat every minute to acknowledge some personal token of respect, has any citizen of a free State been held in his declining years in such reverence as General Dufour. He lately passed away at the ripe age of eighty-eight, his faculties unclouded to the last; but, unlike many other veterans who outlive their prime, he distrusted his own failing powers, and had long since resigned all public functions, contenting himself with the respect and gratitude won from his fellow-citizens by a life devoted to their interests as soldier, statesman, diplomatist, and above all patriot. His retirement had lasted full twelve years. His appearance in the chair of the International Congress for the Relief of the Wounded, the last great work of his life, was as far back as the year 1863; and this may account for the fact that one of Europe's first men should have lately passed away with so little notice from the public outside his own country. Even the Life now offered to us, from the pen of a friend of the family, fails altogether to convey to the reader a true view of the eminence which this simple general of a small Republic had won.

There was hardly a branch of thought or action in which General Dufour had not been distinguished. As commander-in-chief in a civil war he had shown singular talents in the field; and the rapid and comparatively bloodless character of the war of the Sonderbund was due, as all parties have since admitted, to the energy in action which he combined with foresight in council. He so conciliated as an administrator those whom he had conquered as a general, that when a national crisis came eight years later which threatened Switzerland with a foreign foe, no troops obeyed his orders more promptly than those raised by the Cantons whose confederation he had put down, and composed largely of the militiamen who had withstood his arms. As diplomatist he checked successively the designs of France and Prussia on the independence of his country. As patriot and statesman he guided the intelligent spirits who framed out of a disjointed mass of Cantons a strong Federation. As author he has left works on tactics, on the wars fought in Switzerland, on civil and military engineering (the latter his own special profession), which have taken their places among modern classics. Of one so many-sided it might be supposed that his failures would not be few. Yet it may be said of Dufour as a public character, as it has been said of Marlborough as a general, that he never got his work fairly before him without bringing it to a successful issue. And the last great undertaking with which his name is connected—the Association for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in War—he lived long enough to see not merely recognized as just by treaties, but shown to be a practical success in the field. With all this, there has perhaps been no public character in our time who had so little self-assertion. He laid down his functions voluntarily when he judged it the fitting time, as readily as he had assumed them at his country's call. But the secret of his constant success in public affairs may be traced in the energy with which, in old age and retirement, he is described in the memoir before us as pursuing his self-imposed duties of reading aloud French classics or teaching astronomy in his own family circle, or tracing out the campaigns of Cæsar in Burgundy, or criticizing the strategy of generals who fought in America and Europe; occupations to which the old man paid as much attention as he gave little heed to the honours heaped on him by distant sovereigns, decorations for the most part never shown beyond his modest *salon*.

Born of a Genevese family of respectable antiquity but slender means, Dufour owed his first opening in life to the temporary absorption of his city into the inflated Empire of the First Napoleon. In his eighteenth year he was studying surgery, and walking the local hospital, then full of invalids from the Ulm campaign, and so using his opportunities as to acquire that knowledge of the

* *Campagne du Sonderbund. Par le Général G. H. Dufour. Précédé d'une Notice Biographique.* Neufchâtel: Sandoz. 1875.

physical effects of war on the soldier which astonished the Geneva Congress more than half a century later. Suddenly a notice reached the city of the opening course at the great school at Paris which was to supply the chief public services with young men selected by competition throughout the Empire for training at the capital. The first announcement made at Geneva of the examination for the Polytechnique was in very tempting terms. The successful candidates were to be educated free; and, what was by many valued still more, they were to be exempted from the year's conscription which was already beginning to weigh heavily on the youth of the Empire. Young Dufour's opportunities of preparation for such a contest had been so limited that his family laughed at his resolve to go before the local Board which had charge of the examination, and were of course little surprised when the day arrived on which the course was to be opened, and neither their Guillaume nor the other young Genevese who had undergone the test were summoned to Paris. But the post was so irregular in those days that Dufour's nomination had in fact miscarried. A month had passed away when he received a sharp letter from the Governor of the Polytechnique ordering him to join forthwith, and informing him that he was noted as absent without leave. Arriving in Paris, he found that he stood on the list 140th, nearly the last of those admitted. "Never mind, as I am there," he wrote characteristically; "I must go out more honourably." And he kept his word; for two years afterwards he quitted the Polytechnique the fifth on the roll of those passing out, and with the remark against his name that he had never needed a word of reproof during his college course. His position gave him his choice of the services, and he applied for and received his commission as a sub-lieutenant of Engineers. A few months later he had passed into the practical school at Metz, and was preparing to take his place in the army in the field.

There was plenty to do for all branches of the service in the busy year 1809, when Napoleon was grappling in close contest on the Danube with the great Archduke, and Spain had not only to be reconquered, but held down; but young Dufour was not destined to share in the glories and reverses of the Grand Army. Five of the seniors of his class were hurried off from Metz to assist in the defence of the Ionian Islands, menaced by the ubiquitous English fleet. Dufour was one of those ordered to Corfu, and, having reached it, he served there some years under an excellent chief. Colonel Baudraud saw his merit, and, telling him to seek to be something more than a mere engineer, took the first opportunity of giving him charge of a company of sappers, "to get rubbed up with the men," as he expressed it. But the expected attack never came, and Dufour's only experience of the hazards of war was his being cut off by English boats from the squadron when accompanying his colonel on a reconnaissance to the neighbouring isle of Parga. A sharp but short fight ensued, in which the vessel that carried the French detachment was blown up, and Dufour fell into English hands so badly burnt that he was put on shore at Corfu under a flag of truce on parole, to be nursed. He had hardly recovered when the news of Napoleon's abdication put an end to the blockade, and the French garrison was transhipped to Marseilles. Faithful to the Emperor who had commissioned him, he left his retirement at Geneva to serve the eagles once more when Napoleon came back from Elba, and was employed on the works at Lyons until Waterloo put a decisive end to the feverish reign of the Hundred Days. For some time after this he hardly knew whether he was French soldier or Swiss citizen, the fate of Geneva itself being unsettled. But his name had been noted at the Bourbon War Ministry for employment, and in 1817 came the offer of a command, with the retention of his captain's rank, but coupled with the condition of French naturalization, as Geneva was now part of Switzerland. It was declined after brief consideration. "I cannot serve France as a foreigner," he wrote to his friends, "and my duty is to Geneva." So, resigning his half-pay, he threw himself for his future on the service of his proper country.

Nor was the sacrifice unappreciated. His country at once found him employment with such rank as it could bestow; and his exertions at Geneva in creating a respectable force soon made him known throughout Switzerland, and inspired the Federal authorities with the happy thought of creating a central military school for the officers of their militia, which should have the benefit of his zeal and knowledge. In 1819 it was formed at Thun under his superintendence, Dufour himself taking the instruction in military engineering and staff duties. Eight years later he had the satisfaction of commanding a combined division of all arms, led by officers who had each had Thun training, in a summer exercise, the first of that series of practical field manoeuvres by which the Swiss militia has been framed into a force so efficient that only those despise it who believe that nothing but a standing army can be of any service for actual defence.

The Sonderbund war is too large a subject to be incidentally noticed; and we have already indicated that Dufour's conduct of it was so admirable, both during and after the operations, that it left absolutely nothing to be desired. But a less known episode of his military life is his extraordinary activity during the crisis of Swiss affairs in 1856, when Prussia threatened intervention in favour of the Royalist leaders who were imprisoned for their attempt to carry Neuchâtel out of the Federation. It was understood that if the King's demands were refused his forces would occupy the Canton of Schaffhausen, as the most easily seized, and hold it as a guarantee for the surrender of Neuchâtel. Dufour took his resolve at once. His knowledge of the

theatre of war had led him to see that a defence of the threatened Canton on its northern border was impracticable. He made every preparation, therefore, for throwing the mass of his forces sufficiently forward into Baden to cover Schaffhausen effectually, and there holding such a strong defensive position as would enable him to receive the Prussians to advantage, without losing his communications with Switzerland. So bold a resolve on the part of a general of militia facing regular forces had never been made since the days of Washington; and one may reasonably doubt, in the light of recent events, whether success would have justified it. But at the last moment peace was happily preserved, partly through Dufour's own efforts at Paris with the Emperor, his pupil formerly at Thun, and now strong with the prestige of the defeat of Russia in the Crimea. A slight cession on the part of the Federation, readily met by Prussia (which much feared French pressure on her flank), brought about terms that were ultimately entirely on the side of Switzerland, since her late adversary consented to withdraw all future pretensions to the feudal claims over Neuchâtel which had been forgotten until Frederick William sought to revive them.

The Italian War of 1859 saw Dufour for the last time in the field, heading the Corps of Observation formed to make Swiss neutrality respected. But two years later his simple presence in the Ticino proved sufficient to check a movement suddenly started there for the annexation of the Canton to the rising kingdom of Italy. Thus his personal weight with his fellow-citizens triumphed here, as his personal influence with Louis Napoleon had turned aside an earlier danger to Switzerland when crowded with French refugees in 1852; a state of things which had brought menaces from the Foreign Office at Paris, against which Dufour appealed directly to his old friend and pupil, the Prince President. Six years after the Ticino affair he laid down his offices voluntarily and retired into private life. Neither Cincinnatus nor Washington served a Republic more loyally, nor resigned its honours with more simplicity, and his name will be associated with the history of modern Switzerland as theirs with those of Republican Rome and the United States. Men of all creeds and parties followed him with reverence to the grave, the memorial on which, in accordance with the character and taste of the departed general, bears only the plain inscription—

G. H. DUFOUR DUX HELVET: 1787-1875.

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF CHINA.*

THOSE distinguished dilettanti of things that can be comprised within the compass of one hour, the members of the Royal Institution, thought the Chinese language might engage them not unprofitably for one hour, and the Chinese literature for another. In Mr. R. K. Douglas they found a lecturer equal to this marvellous feat of condensation. Whether it would not have been pleasanter for both the Professor and his audience if a course of lectures, instead of these two, had been delivered, it is not for us to decide. The traditions of the Royal Institution are all in favour of light (if not slight) treatment, so that the members may walk pleasantly round the universe in a season. A longer morning call upon the Celestial Professor was therefore not at all the thing. It would have stood in the way of an engagement with the spots on the sun, another with the Transit of Venus, to say nothing of the Deluge at Babel, or other celebrities of the day. Here, then, we have Professor Douglas who has walked over China in two hours. We are bound to say that he has compressed into that period a wonderful amount both of statement of facts and of the sensible guidance of a well-stored intellect to find the true way among the facts. We should certainly often desire fuller information; for just when one branch of the subject becomes interesting, the lecturer suddenly leaves it and takes up another. We inwardly curse these dilettanti, who will have nothing full, nothing thorough, presented to them, and expect learned men to come and talk for a period prescribed by them, not by the requirements of the subject. If we could get at Professor Douglas, we would beg him to talk to us by the hour as long as he would, and we might hope to carry away something—but what is this?

After all, however, we shall find it more profitable to see what Mr. Douglas has said than to continue our tirade and imagine what he might have said. Most educated persons who take an interest in the formation of languages have gained some notion, from Professor Max Müller's lectures or elsewhere, of the general character of Chinese. Here they will find also a popular description of that language, only fuller, and taken from a somewhat different point of view. The various modes of writing also are carefully distinguished and described; and we are brought to feel afresh the immensity of the difficulty of writing the spoken language, or speaking the written, and at the same time to confess to the hopelessness of introducing any easier mode of writing. This is made evident by the observation that the sounds of the language are excessively few and poor, so that one sound may often represent as many as a hundred words, which in an alphabetical or phonetical system would look identical. The characters are divided into six classes. The first may be called Hieroglyphics; they are the fundamental signs, which were originally pictures of the object intended, though the resemblance is

* *The Language and Literature of China.* Two Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in May and June, 1875. By Robert K. Douglas, of the British Museum, and Professor of Chinese at King's College, London. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

scarcely recognizable now—about 600. The second contains characters intended to represent ideas to the mind by the position of their parts; as *above, below*. The third consists of Ideographics, which are formed by uniting two or more significant characters to give the idea of a third; e.g. the characters for *man* and *words* are united to express *sin* (sincere)—about 700. The fourth comprises some characters which can be changed in form, or pronounced differently, and thus have different meanings—about 372. The fifth comprises characters with a double sense, the secondary being Metaphorical—about 600. The sixth class is called Phonetic, and embraces over 20,000 characters. Its system is very different from those of the other classes, and betrays a later origin. Certain characters were made to denote certain sounds, without reference to the meaning. But as each sound (syllable) may, as before observed, have many different meanings, it is necessary to add to this sign, which expresses what is actually spoken, another called determinative, which shall show which of its various meanings the phonetic character has in each particular place. The hieroglyphic characters are used for this purpose; they are suitable for it, as they denote the most remarkable natural objects, including the parts of the body, family relations, primary qualities, and the most essential verbal ideas:—

They are thus admirably adapted to form generic terms, and this is the part they play in composition with the Primitives. For instance, into the composition of every character signifying anything made of wood, such as a table, a chair, a club, &c., the determinative character meaning "wood" is introduced.

But although this lucid exposition of the classes of characters used in writing makes it evident how a man who has once stored so many thousands of them in his memory can put them rightly together and dimly guess at the meaning of the combination, our wonder at the intelligibility of the spoken language is rather enhanced. Where the roots consist of only two or three sounds—a consonant followed by a vowel, or a consonant and vowel followed by a final consonant—the number of possible combinations into words must be excessively small, far beneath the requirements of even the simplest utterances of savages. The means for distinguishing the varying senses in which each of these must necessarily be used by the addition of a determinative (like *wooden, great, head, man's, &c.*), appear too rude and too limited to serve their purpose at all adequately. Even the finer distinction created by the different *tones* indicating different words of the same sounds can scarcely multiply sufficiently the composite sounds which form words. Professor Douglas considers that the extreme poverty of the sounds (by which he appears to mean syllabic sounds, capable of being used as words), as compared with the vast richness of written characters (500 of the former, 30,000 of the latter), is mainly due to the adoption of the primitives as phonetics:—

No doubt the adoption of Primitives as phonetics, as has been already described, has contributed to this result, since it provided for the due expression of those syllables then existing, but for no more. And thus, though it vastly enriched the written language—one Primitive producing as many as seventy-four derivatives—it at once put a stop to all increase in the number of the sounds.

This view appears to contradict the experience of philologists on the fertility of language in evolving new words and new combinations to designate any new action, phenomenon, or object which rises up before it. It is not the *name* that creates any difficulty. As language was created at first by man, so he has ever since been creating it. He is a speaking as well as a thinking being; and the thought and its expression in language come into the world together. The progress of thought is the progress of language also. Now has this universal principle of language never extended to the Chinese? Mr. Douglas appears to share this opinion with the many linguists who write of Chinese as a language "crystallized" at an early stage; but as the passage in which this expression occurs deals with the written characters and not the spoken language, he may perhaps not intend to be so understood. Others, however, have used it so; yet it is difficult to see how a *language*, the expression of ever-changing thought, can be the victim of a process comparable to crystallization. Flowing water does not crystallize; how then can language?

It is desirable to avoid questionable metaphors in speaking of that which ought to be amenable to strict logical rules. Can the difficulty of writing raise an insuperable barrier against the use of a word once formed, which not all the influence of academies or the fiat of a despot can banish out of existence? We cannot so invert the course of nature, but must rather hold that the poverty of the language expresses too truly the character of the people, and is entirely independent of the nature of the written signs. It is said that the entire vocabulary of the libretti of Italian operas consists of only a few hundred (we believe eight hundred) words; from which it appears that, in speaking of a very limited number of things and feelings, only a small fraction of a copious language is required. So, if the Italians had never any life-problems to solve, any thoughts to think, beyond those of their operatic heroes, their language would naturally be restricted to that number. In like manner, if the thoughts requiring expression in Chinese are few, and the mind sluggish to advance beyond the old childish stage, its vocabulary and its power of derivation will remain little altered. This Mr. Douglas shows to have been the case in the early ages when China was a large self-contained empire, shut out from foreign influences by great deserts and mountains on all its land frontiers:—

Accepting nothing from the world beyond her own frontiers in religion, literature, science, and art, which did not fall in with the national views on

those subjects, and which she could not make her own, receiving no impress from without, and rejecting peremptorily everything thrown in her way which was distasteful to her, she brooded over the east of Asia, absorbing only that which assimilated easily with the national tastes and the preconceived ideas of the people.

It is remarkable that so very peculiar a device for giving to the signs a multiplicity of meanings as the combination of a determinative with the phonetic, above described, should be found in two other nations of the highest antiquity, neither of which had, as far as we can now judge, the slightest connexion with the Chinese, and perhaps not with one another. Yet Mr. Douglas shows this conclusively of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Assyrian cuneiforms. The spoken language of these is a distinct question; and it is doubted whether the Assyrian determinatives were pronounced at all, while the primitives which they attend may have been pronounced differently, according to the various meanings given by various determinatives. But, anyhow, the principle of writing is identical with the Chinese. A curious result! If the Assyriologists had started from the idea that they must find in the cuneiforms a system like the Chinese, all strict-minded linguists would have laughed them down. But that which would have been a mad assumption turns out to be the correct conclusion.

We cannot here follow Mr. Douglas through the devices of composition of words, and then of syntactical rules, which go far to make up for the want of case-inflexions, &c., expressing awkwardly, and with the expenditure of several words, the same idea that Sanskrit or Greek do in one. The language seems to assume something of humanity as you trace it; it is not quite so blank and lifeless as it seemed at first. Still the life is very sluggish; few nations would find time for the use of all the determinatives and various attendant words required to put the notion—say a verbal notion—into connexion with the person, time, mood, &c., intended. If there is a length of organ-pipe beyond which the production of a musical tone is impossible, so in language there may be a practical limit of slowness of production of sounds to represent an idea. If this be the case, we should fancy Chinese must stand very near that limit. These conclusions as to the sluggish nature of the Chinese mind, which seem to afford the only satisfactory solution of the peculiarity of the language, appear to be further confirmed by the history of Chinese literature—the subject of Mr. Douglas's second lecture. The literature commenced in the twelfth century B.C. with the first of the "Chinese Classics," the later of which were written by Confucius and others—written in a most cramped or else utterly bald and shapeless style. Of the only one of these which is actually written by Confucius, the "Spring and Autumn Annals," Dr. Legge (quoted by Mr. Douglas) says:—

Instead of a history of events woven artistically together, we find a congeries of the briefest possible intimations of matters in which the Court and State of Loo were more or less concerned, extending over 242 years, without the slightest tincture of literary ability in the composition, or the slightest indication of judicial opinion on the part of the writer. The paragraphs are always brief. Each one is designed to commemorate a fact; but whether that fact be a display of virtue calculated to command our admiration, or a deed of atrocity fitted to awaken our disgust, it can hardly be said that there is anything in the language to convey to us the shadow of an idea of the author's feeling about it. . . . No details are given; no judgment is expressed.

This is just the style of writing we should expect from a nation whose mind was so little awake and so sluggish in its action as to produce and tolerate the language as it has been described. The impressions received from events are evidently very dim; moral interest in them there is none; and so only the bare fact needs to be recorded, and for this a very bare language will suffice. But we cannot dwell on the classics with Mr. Douglas, who wisely observes that,

since they are the sacred books of China, it is natural to suppose that in them we may find the mainspring of the national literature. Unfortunately, to some extent this is the case, and Confucius has much to answer for, both as regards his teaching and the literary model he bequeathed to his countrymen. Instead of encouraging his disciples to think for themselves, to look into their own hearts, and to acquire that personal knowledge that enables a man to stand alone, he led them out both by precept and example into the dreary waste of cold formalism, in which all individuality is lost, and all force and originality of thinking is crushed out.

Still, literature advanced; and whatever might be the slowness of the Chinese mind in intellectual problems of a sublime order, their natural aptitude for invention on a small scale, which we now observe in their marvellous ivory carvings and porcelain painting with colours that never fade, is observable also in ancient times; most notably in the invention of block-printing, which was practised at least as early as 593 A.D., and of printing from moveable types made of clay some time before 1127 A.D., or about three hundred and fifty years before the earliest book printed with moveable types in Europe saw the light. But whereas in Europe typography advanced in facility, and evidently in cheapness of production, with gigantic strides, and was immediately used for the multiplication of every class of literature, in China it was long used only for the issue of histories of the various dynasties; including, however, local histories, and topographies according to accurate district surveys. These works, notwithstanding a certain vagueness and tendency to lose any comprehensive views in trivial details, are said to be most valuable sources of information, as well as surprising monuments of continuous labour during many centuries. They were followed by two gigantic Encyclopedias, the second of which, consisting of a reprint of all such works as the Commission *ad hoc* might deem worthy of preservation, was

executed during the reign of Kien-lung (1735-95), and is contained in 6,109 volumes. We are glad to find also that the importance of national songs and ballads was recognized even by Confucius, who made the first collection in his "Book of Odes," consisting of 311 out of 3,000 which existed in an official collection in his time. It is pleasant to know that the Chinese were not so wholly given to drier work as to be destitute of the humanizing influences of song and verse. We here at length come across natural feelings expressed in simple and touching language, and meet with that originality which elsewhere seems for the present to be entirely wanting in Chinese literature.

THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH.*

IT is a difficult task to criticize Mrs. Hunt with perfect justice, yet at the same time with satisfaction. With much that is praiseworthy in her work there is so much that falls short of ordinary well-doing; in the midst of evidences of care and culture we come on such odd slips in grammar, such grating inelegances of style, that we scarcely know how to place her; and a critic has a hard time of it if he wishes to be honest on all sides—praising what is good, condemning what is bad, and, while anxious to recognize her endeavours, careful not to lower the standard of excellence by setting endeavour in the place of achievement. Inasmuch, however, as the author has made steady progress from her first book to this her latest, we may hope that she will go on improving, and that, with a fine sense of artistic colour, a pure imagination, and a faculty for quaint and pretty expression, she will overcome the inconsistencies and crudities which now mar her style and spoil the reader's interest in her story.

For one thing, she must learn to better purpose the art of conversation. At present, all her people speak like slipshod schoolgirls, and in precisely the same manner; whether they are men or women, youths or maidens, having an impartial disregard for terseness as well as for correctness of diction. The *jeune premier*, Brian Templemore, says, "I believe that women always feel nervous the moment a thing assumes a legal sort of a binding aspect"; his father, the squire, says, "My goodness, Juliet, but you are making ready in earnest! It really will be a pity if that nice comfortable bed does not get slept in"—which is only one of a hundred other such purely feminine speeches. They all say "oh," and "very" and "always" on every occasion; they all complain much of being "worried," and all deal largely in "my goodness!" as the safest expletive at command. Mrs. Hunt herself, like her characters, has the same as well as other bad habits of style. Thus she uses such awkward colloquialisms as "he was almost sure they had neither of them turned a page"; and "it never for half a moment entered into his head to think that there was anything strange in a girl of her station being so familiar with one so superior to herself," is a fair example of her knotty and tortuous method of construction. The popular fault of "different to" is continually repeated; and a printer's error, "there was no native parliaments then," has been allowed to pass. In short, the whole grammar meanders, and the story a little follows the grammar.

There is not much intricacy of plot in *This Indenture Witnesseth*, which is simply a love story of the good old type. Brian Templemore and Audrey Wentworth are two young people whom chance and the shipwreck of the *Britomart*—for which read *Birkenhead*—have thrown together at Bellocardo, the house of a Mrs. Armitage, "about five miles from Cape Town, on the East Road." Audrey is co-heiress with her brother Dudley; and Brian is the eldest son of Squire Templemore, of Braemore, both father and son being loaded with debt, and the family finances plunged into the anarchy of loans at high interest, with further loans raised for the payment of that interest. No formal engagement is entered into between the young people, but they exchange the two halves of a jagged piece of paper on which they write their names, with the promise that if either dies or marries the paper bearing his or her name shall be sent to the survivor or the celibate. Brian says he will have his sent if he dies, but Audrey is to send hers if she marries; a subtle distinction that makes a natural prelude to the after facts of the story, which are that it is Brian who hesitates, tampers with his faith, and foregoes the possibilities of his happiness, while it is Audrey who takes the thing to heart, and who, though she marries another, loves always the man whose "indenture" bound her, and whose superficial nature stirred her deepest love so powerfully.

The first hitch comes by the loss of the fortune that has been bequeathed to the young Wentworths; by which loss Dudley is compelled to work for his living, and sees nothing before him better than to accept the offer which is made him by Mr. Copeland, his uncle through a *mésalliance*, who is a flourishing draper in the town of Dorminster, and who proposes to take him into his business. Naturally this is a very long step down for one of the county families who had been in possession of a place like Minsteracres. But though Dudley is proud and vain, and in his own way as weak and selfish as Brian—Mrs. Hunt does not flatter our gilded youth—he has sense enough to understand his own interests, and is sufficiently a child of the generation to know the supreme value of money. These three things then combined—Audrey's loss of fortune and degraded social position through her brother's connexion

with the draper's shop, and the Templemores' debts and general financial chaos—make Brian undecided about prosecuting his love affair, and his family determine that he shall not. He loves, but is not willing to sacrifice himself in any way for his love, while they are clear as to the necessity under which the heir of the house stands to marry money and redeem the family fortunes. But while he is letting things slip, Audrey is cherishing her jagged "indenture," now hoping, now fearing, at times with all her maidenly pride wounded, and at times with all her tenderness re-awakened. We rather wonder at the force of her love, based as it is on such a slender foundation; and, while allowing that Mrs. Hunt ought to know more of the ways and feelings of women than we do, we still think that Audrey gave her heart with a precipitancy and held to her fancy with a fervour scarcely creditable to a sensible, and not in accord with the sensitive pride of a modest girl. That pride indeed, of which we hear so much in words, has neither sufficient expression in action nor enough controlling power over her feelings. It is one of the things talked of but not dramatized; always a stumbling-block to incomplete novelists.

How the Indentures change hands, and by what series of accidents it comes about that Brian receives his counterpart without attaching any meaning to the restitution, involving as the episode does some of the more improbable circumstances of the story, we leave to the reader himself to discover. We think the whole incident weak and strained, and we must again question the likelihood of a good girl keeping such a ridiculous promise as this, to the man who has apparently jilted her, when she is on the eve of her marriage with another; still more do we question the likelihood of a lover, even of the unselfish type of Cousin George, taking such pains to ensure the safe transmission to his rival of the sign which, beyond all others, was to show him that he was remembered and in all probability regretted. Indeed the whole ending of the book is both forced and commonplace, and without the advantage of being either original in its unlikeness to life or true to nature in its flatness of conception. Such a girl as Audrey would not have suddenly developed the wild and wholesale suspicion which Mrs. Hunt describes. The sentiments of faith and duty and trust, so strongly marked in the finer feminine natures, would have kept her steady to her old affections, even under the trial to which she is subjected; and, when there were two ways of looking at things, she would naturally have chosen the more loving and confiding. The complete and sudden change of character which some authors are so fond of imagining can only come about either by what is substantially mental derangement or as the visible product of a long period of secret, and it may be unconscious, growth of feeling. There must be causes for all results; but this is a doctrine which is calmly set aside by the ordinary author. He will build in the air and spin ropes out of sea sand; consequently his psychology is for the most part but a frail kind of thing when tested, and unable to bear close examination.

Mrs. Hunt's artistic perceptions were at fault when she repeated, if our memory serves us rightly, three times, the eminently childish action of the *sortes* in which both Audrey and Mr. Templemore indulge. It is a silly incident to describe at any time, but might pass as one of the fond fancies of love, which of itself is the father and mother of all imaginable folly. When it is presented to us as the sane action of a sane man, we can only regard it as a blot on the whole work, a blot which it is a pity the author had not some friendly critic to advise her to erase. Also, she has the habit of making much ado about nothing, than which nothing can be more irritating and disappointing to a reader. When Audrey goes out into the darkness to chase away the cows whose "mooring," she fears, will waken Dudley, when Mrs. Templemore makes such elaborate preparations to guard her husband, in feeble health, from the possible shock to his system of Brian's return, we expect something of consequence to follow. But nothing does follow. They are merely isolated circumstances having no meaning or connexion with the story, which would have gone on just as well without them. Yet a novel should be like a piece of mosaic-work, or a chain, where every fragment is of consequence to the rest, and where the loss of one chapter or incident would break the continuity and spoil the harmony of the whole. In *This Indenture Witnesseth* we might cut out whole chapters, and the plot would lose nothing of growth or development. All these things Mrs. Hunt has yet to learn in her art; but there is no reason to doubt her capacity. Her work, as it stands, is exceedingly unequal, but it is as easy to believe that she will grow up to and beyond her present best powers, as that she will keep always on the lower level of her weakness. She is evidently painstaking, and she has a certain pictorial fancy which is both pretty and effective; but she needs severer schooling than she has yet given herself, and, above all, she needs to study more closely the art of composition in both directions—in the grammatical construction of her sentences and the artistic construction of her plot. Still, when a writer steadily improves, as Mrs. Hunt has done, however slowly, much may be hoped, even though as yet nothing of real merit has been achieved; and an author's fitness for his calling is shown as much in a determination to overcome defects, and in patient endurance of partial failure, as in the brilliancy which ensures success at the first effort without the sharp teaching of mistake and error.

* *This Indenture Witnesseth*. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Author of "Under Seal of Confession," "Thornicroft's Model," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

DOYLE'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

SINCE the time when Mr. Cobden incurred ridicule by absurdly contrasting the minute stream of the historic river of Athens with the mighty volume of the Mississippi, we have made much progress in the study recommended by the leader of the English middle-class admirers of American Republicanism. The desperate struggle for secession riveted for four years the attention of Europe, and awakened a very general desire to know something of the causes which had led up to so bloody a civil war; while the result of the conflict, by giving proof that in material resources, at any rate, the Union is second to few of the powers of the earth, has given new interest to the unattractive politics of the United States. But hitherto students of American history in this country have encountered an insurmountable difficulty in the want of a work at once authentic and concise, and written in a style that at least would not repel. A good History of the United States did not exist, and the books which pass for such in American schools are too much disfigured by national prejudice and bad taste to be acceptable to the English reader. Of course it is quite true that it is as yet too early to produce a really satisfactory history. The United States, as a nation, are not quite a century old, and necessarily, therefore, much that concerns during the greater part of their existence the motives of persons, the hidden springs of actions, and the recondite causes of events still remains unknown. But even in relation to existing materials of knowledge there was no good history to be had. To supply such a history for the use of schools is the task Mr. Doyle has set himself; and we have pleasure in adding that he has discharged it in a very creditable manner. His work is one of the well-known series of the "Historical Course" edited by Mr. Freeman, and it sustains the reputation which the preceding volumes of that series have won. Mr. Doyle's style is clear and simple, his facts are accurately stated, and his book is meritoriously free from prejudice on questions where partisanship runs high amongst us. We will not say indeed that Mr. Doyle has attained that ideal qualification of an historian—absolute freedom from prepossession and party bias. On the contrary, he writes throughout from the New England point of view. But his leaning seems to be less his own than that of the authorities from whom he draws his inspiration. New England has produced the principal American historical literature, and naturally it is coloured more or less by local sentiment. Still we are not quite sure that Mr. Doyle does not put New England too prominently forward. He correctly states the contrast between Northern and Southern society, and he indicates rather than fully explains the sources in which it originated. But he fails, we think, to make all the use he might have made of the sole dramatic interest possessed by American history—that springing from the long antagonism of North and South; and, under the guidance of his Northern teachers, he seems to us also to underestimate the influence of Virginia upon American development. Perhaps his apparent deficiency here is due less to misconception than to fault of plan. He gives an undue amount of space, remembering the limits within which he was confined, to the colonial period, and consequently has to hurry over the events of the last century. There are two strong temptations to do this. New England writers have of late thrown a flood of light upon the early history of their own States, and indirectly on that of the whole country; and, secondly, there is no question that in the colonial period the foundations of existing institutions were laid. But, after all, it is necessary to preserve proportion in art, and the picture of a nation's life can hardly receive unqualified praise which paints the story of its infancy and boyhood in life-size, but dwarfs that of its early manhood. Still we admit that Mr. Doyle might reply, with very much force, that colonial times are the least understood and the least attractive, and consequently need most to be taught in school. We leave to the reader to decide which is the correct view.

It may seem hypercritical to find fault with the title which Mr. Doyle has chosen; but it is not mere word-splitting which leads us to insist that the United States do not, as yet at least, comprise the whole American continent. For much of the four centuries over which Mr. Doyle's narrative ranges the Spanish settlements in America occupied a far greater space in the world's eye than the British, and the events that occurred there were certainly more dramatic. If those settlements now appear comparatively insignificant, they are yet distinct. And to the north of the Union also there extends a vast Dominion which does not seem likely to be speedily absorbed in the neighbouring Republic. Mr. Doyle, then, has not written a History of America. He has given us a History of the United States which may safely be recommended to those who wish to get a connected and accurate narrative of the rise and progress of the English-speaking Republic of the West in as concise a form as may be. It is curious that the mistake of confounding the United States with America is so generally committed by Englishmen. The Americans themselves, firmly as most of them may believe in the "manifest destiny" of their country, do not commit so gross a blunder. For they receive every day too many practical proofs to be overlooked of the near neighbourhood of foreigners. This English confusion of thought is, no doubt, due in great measure to the fact that, while the country is called the United States, there is no proper adjective corresponding, and that consequently, if we would avoid an awkward and cumbrous cir-

cumlocution, we are forced to call the people Americans. But because the people of the United States have chosen for their confederation a name expressive of a political relation which has virtually ceased to exist rather than a real territorial designation, that is surely no reason why an historian should select for his book an erroneous and misleading title—a title all the more likely to mislead because the book is intended for the young. But we have dwelt long enough upon this point, and pass on to one of the few instances in which Mr. Doyle seems to us to have allowed his national prejudice to overmaster his judgment, to the unfair disparagement of Spanish achievements and the undue exaltation of our own countrymen. Apparently Fenimore Cooper's Red Indian characters have taken such a hold of Mr. Doyle's imagination that he has been unable to emancipate himself from the impression. Accordingly, he gravely suggests that, had the Spaniards attempted their conquests more to the northward, they might not have been quite so successful. The theory here broached seems so incredible to any one who knows what the Mexican civilization was, and what that of the savage tribes, that it is amazing to find it entertained by a well-informed writer. It has, however, thus much of foundation to rest upon—that an organized nation, when its forces are once utterly crushed in the field and its fortresses taken, submits, whereas a population in the clan or tribal state only begins a serious resistance when its invaders settle on its lands. The Normans were able to complete the conquest of England in a few years after Hastings. But it took them as many centuries to subdue Ireland, though the Irish clans were never able to fight a great battle. Yet the wildest Irish patriot would hardly contend that the conquest of Ireland was more difficult than that of England. So, again, the Roman conquest of Britain was most slow, and was never completed. The failure of Elizabeth's great captains to colonize America, contrasting so strikingly with the splendid successes of the early Spanish adventurers, is explained by quite different causes.

On another point we are unable to accept Mr. Doyle's views. In the very first page, in pointing out the importance of a knowledge of the geography of the continent, he justly observes that the Americans are the only great people whose whole national life we can trace from the very beginning; and then he goes on to say that, as we know what the first settlers were and what the nation from which they went out has become, "we can to some extent make out how far their history since has been affected by the nature of the land, and how far by other causes." To a large extent this is true, but we fear the proposition is too absolutely stated, and will lead to misconception in the minds of the schoolboys for whom the book is primarily intended. Mr. Doyle ought to have pointed out the many causes, besides the mere physical character of the country, which tend to differentiate the inhabitants of America from those of Europe. No doubt we know what England was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and what both she and the United States have since become. But the early colonies—those which have given a character to the American people—were not taken indiscriminately from the English population. New England, for example, which has exercised the most important influence of all, was mainly settled by Puritans; from three of the New England colonies all but Puritans of one particular stamp were long rigorously excluded. To compare New England with Old England, therefore, and set down the whole difference between the two to the influence of physical environment, would clearly be erroneous. Again, in no part of the United States has there existed an aristocracy owning the whole soil, and able to say who should and who should not live upon it. Furthermore, there is in the United States an immense reserve of unoccupied land which any one who chooses may cultivate. No man, therefore, who is willing to work need be destitute. How enormous a difference this single circumstance must make in the characters of the two peoples no man can fully calculate. But those who have paid the most attention to the working of our own Poor-law will be inclined to rate it most highly. To note but one point, it dispenses with the whole law of settlement and removal, with all its hardships to the poor, and all its obstruction of the free circulation of labour. We need not add that it also prevents the demoralization of out-door relief, with its abuses in the employment of the rates in aid of wages. Once again, the United States grew up under the protection of one of the greatest nations of the world, and they are now absolutely exempt from the fear of aggression. If we were asked to name the independent country which, geographically, is most happily circumstanced, we should certainly fix upon the United States. For they are even safer against invasion than "the silver streak" renders ourselves, and they have not the tremendous liabilities to which the defence of India and of colonies and dependencies in all parts of the globe subjects us. Speaking the other day at Manchester, Professor Max Müller stated that the Germans are most anxious to improve their national education, but in even so indispensable a work they are hampered by the dread of war. We may form some conception, then, of the influence on the national character of the security of the United States. Lastly, the American population, though originally of English descent, has now become so largely mixed with Irish, German, French, Dutch, Spaniards, Scandinavians, and negroes, that it would be irrational to expect no change of character and disposition to have taken place. It is true that the old English stock has in a certain sense assimilated the rest to itself, but in the process of assimilation it has been powerfully modified.

* *Historical Course for Schools: History of America.* By John A. Doyle. London: Macmillan & Co.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

THERE are few developments of modern art more wonderful than that of colour-printing. That chromolithographs, or, as some publishers call them, "chromographs," should be produced at so low a cost, or rather at so low a price, is scarcely less remarkable than that photography should have been invented and developed. But photography, wood-engraving, lithography, and many other widely differing branches are all brought into use in producing some of the marvellous coloured pictures now before us. The original drawing is often first photographed on a wood block, from which a black or brown outline can be printed. On various other blocks, whether of zinc or stone, other tints are placed, one colour only to each printing. By a marvellous combination of exactness and knowledge, as many as a dozen printings are sometimes given to a single Christmas card which can be sold for sixpence, and yet on which not a single blurred outline, nor a single overlapping of two colours, can be found. Not only drawings in colour, but even illuminations in gold, can thus be imitated successfully, and, as we had occasion to remark last week in noticing French work of this kind, with a delicacy of style, tint, and finish worthy of the highest praise. Some English printers approach very near the perfection of the French, but none come quite up to it, and in the mechanical parts of the process the Germans perhaps excel both English and French. A jubilee publication of the royal printing house at Berlin, *Die Läder des Mirza Schaffy*, contains some of the most delicate chromolithography ever yet produced, and, if the designs were equal to the execution, this would be by far the finest book of the season. Fortunately perhaps for competitors who have no royal exchequer behind them, the pictures here reproduced were not worth the pains bestowed on them. The typography is as good as the chromolithography. It has often been remarked that modern German printers have never equalled the work done at the very invention of printing, but such work as this is not unworthy of the countrymen of Fust and Schoiffer. The designs, bad as they are, have received the setting of beautiful borders, and nothing can excel the delicacy of the workmanship by which various gradations of tone and tint are blended into each other. One very pretty book, however, has none of this colouring to set off the designs, which are only tinted, not fully coloured, partaking in this respect of the delicacy of the old manuscript style known as "grisaille." This is *Mrs. Mundi at Home* (Marcus Ward), with "lines and outlines," by Mr. Walter Crane. The pictures are four-and-twenty in number, and seem to increase in beauty from first to last, the farewell at the end being perhaps the prettiest. All are in the conventional style which Mr. Crane has made so popular, and would serve admirably as designs for tapestry or stained glass. Mrs. Mundi gives a party, and invites Day and Night, the Sun and Moon—the former drives up in a drag with his twenty-four-in-hand, represented in a long perspective of horses—the stars, including Mars and Venus, Jupiter and Urania—

Who, lest they should ask her to sing,
Brings with her some poets—

namely, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Morris, and others. She is followed by Saturn, who appropriately carries a *Saturday Review*, while Jupiter is wrapped up in a *Times*, as it were with a plaid. Among the personages in the other pictures are

The valiant Sir Persens, driving the dragon,
Poor Lady Andromeda, scarcely a rag on;

the four quarters of the globe, the Poles, Germany and Italy hand-in-hand, the Elements, the Seasons, and so on. The verses are really amusing as well as the drawings, and the binding is very pleasing in its delicate grey and white, though the back should have been ornamented as well as the front. If our bookbinders, who are always seeking for new designs, were to return to some of the older ones, it would be better. A mediæval binding is not common, but such things are to be seen, the pattern on one side differing from the pattern on the other, though they match each other sufficiently to agree on the same book. One of the most ambitious of this year's bindings is that of *Beauty and the Beast* (Sampson Low) by "E. V. B." The cover is very pretty, though it misses the style so necessary to absolute success. It is black, the name crossing it on an orange band, and four white roses filling up the corners. The conventional and real are mixed together too much to produce a good result, and the same remark must be made of the pictures. They are very charming; but they do not quite satisfy the critical eye. It may be answered that they are amateur work, but we cannot admit the validity of such a plea. The prose in which the story is told succeeds in being very poetical. Our old fairy tales are generally better when left as nearly as possible in their primitive nursery form; but in "E. V. B.'s" attempt to make *Beauty and the Beast* both quaint and poetical she has attained her object.

Of a very different character are *Aunt Louisa's Home Favourites* (Warne). The pictures are bold and clear, often ugly and inharmonious, but very correct in the drawing, which closely resembles Mr. Weir's. The colour-printing is by Mr. Kronheim, who is also responsible for one of the least pleasing of these picture-books, *Aunt Louisa's Welcome Gift* (Warne), which we cannot praise. It would be thought wrong to let a child practise at a piano very much out of tune, but nobody seems to think it any harm to let children have pictures which must ruin any

natural eye for harmonious colour with which they may have been gifted.

Aquarium Comicum (Warne) is rather less crude, and the designs, which owe their comicality to the moderately funny idea of putting coats, hats, and hose on fishes, are really amusing. A line of music under each picture, and full verse descriptions, add to the fascinations of the book, which is eminently calculated to be popular.

Warne's Picture Natural History (Warne)—so far three little volumes only—has also coloured illustrations. The volumes are respectively labelled "Animals," which contains quadrupeds only, "Birds and Animals," which is mixed, and "Fish, Insects, and Reptiles." This system of nomenclature is very defective, and is calculated to give children mistaken notions; but the little books are well illustrated, and should be praised if only because of their exceeding cheapness, nearly two hundred "animals," including birds, being depicted, "each in its proper tint," for one shilling. The same books are issued in a single handsome volume, which comprises portraits of no fewer than five hundred "animals" and other animals, and will be enough, if carefully studied, to turn the inhabitants of our nurseries into youthful Cuviers.

Pictures and Stories of Natural History (Nelson) are of the same order, but larger. The pictures are very gorgeous, and more than sufficiently spirited. The colouring is possibly quite true to nature, but it is nature in her most untameable mood. Five separate parts have reached us—one containing pictures of lions and tigers, one of horses, and three of humming-birds. These last are particularly pleasing, but we have seen them before. They include some of the most recently discovered species as well as the flowers of their native climate; but a prose description, however meagre, would have been better than this sort of thing:—

Named after one of the false Gods
The Mexicans enshrined,
The Coras spreads his feathery wings,
And sails upon the wind!

Melcomb Manor (Marcus Ward) partakes of the nature of a novel, but has half-a-dozen coloured pictures in a quaint style. The story is by Mr. Scarlett Potter, and purports to be a family chronicle, arranged from the papers of Richard Brent, Esq., some time of Melcomb. It begins, in the fourteenth century, with the loves of Alice Messenger and Giles Brent; a hawking-scene, in which Giles's "falcon-lanier" kills a pigeon, is well done as an opening. The book closes with the story of her descendant, Miss Clarissa Brent, in the early days of the House of Hanover. This is altogether a very pretty book, whether as regards the pictures or the story.

Another coloured book for adult readers is Captain Secombe's *Army and Navy Drolleries* (Warne), which consists of an alphabet of capital caricatures of typical soldiers and sailors. The marine officer sea-sick and the little midshipman smoking big cigars may be mentioned as particularly funny, while the verses run well, and are quite fit to match the pictures.

One of the best and prettiest volumes we have seen this year is a reprint of Washington Irving's *Old Christmas* (Macmillan), with illustrations by Randolph Caldecott, arranged and engraved by J. D. Cooper. The outside of the volume makes the inside a pleasant surprise. The binding is spoilt, though of the orthodox bottle green colour, by figures and wreaths in gold, but the moment the book is opened its beauties begin to appear. The preface, the table of contents, the list of illustrations, all are illustrated themselves with head and tail pieces of a quality to which we have not been accustomed of late years. Mr. Caldecott dresses his figures in the costume of seventy years ago; and whether it is "some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid," with an "odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer," or the "choir of small voices," or the walk across the snowy fields, or the portrait of the fair Julia, or the ghostly knight in tapestry, or the candle going out at the last, all are equally charming, and equally worthy of the immortal words to which they are wedded. On the whole, we are inclined to give this unambitious little book the place of honour among the volumes specially devoted to Christmas.

Mr. Sampson Low has re-issued Retsch's outline illustrations to Schiller's *Fight with the Dragon* and the *Song of the Bell*, Bürger's *Lenore* and the *Brave Man*, and Goethe's *Faust*, all of which are already so well known that they need no fresh recommendation.

A large number of books on the Arctic regions may perhaps be noticed together. M. Gourdault writes of the *Voyage au Pole Nord des navires "La Hansa" et "La Germania"* (Paris, Hachette), and his volume is illustrated with eighty excellent cuts and three maps. This was the German expedition to the east coast of Greenland under Koldewey and Hegemann, which started in the summer of 1869, and in which the *Hansa* was lost, though the crew after a long journey on the ice reached the Moravian missionary settlements near Cape Farewell, and were eventually conveyed safely to Copenhagen. This account of their adventures is perhaps the best, if not the most ambitious, of the Arctic books. There is some reference to this expedition, and some repetition of the cuts, in *The Arctic World Illustrated* (Nelson), a large and handsome volume teeming with very good French illustrations. There are views of Disco, a place lately brought into some prominence, and also scenes on the Russian side of the Pole. Mr. Frederick Whymper's *Heroes of the Arctic* (S.P.C.K.) is another of these timely publications. "The writer has endeavoured to indicate clearly the salient points in the lives of our Arctic heroes," and adds a connected history of exploration in the far North. The un-

fortunate expedition of Franklin and Crozier, and the many subsequent attempts made to find the survivors, are fully described, as well as the other explorations, whether with a view of reaching the Pole or of accomplishing the North-West Passage. Mr. Whymper, who has himself travelled in those regions, brings his narrative down to the sailing of Captain Nares, and illustrates it with a large number of woodcuts and an excellent map. *Wonders of the Physical World* (Nelson) is not a book of adventure, but gives a familiar description of the scientific aspects of "the glacier, the iceberg, the ice-field, and the avalanche," in language suitable for young people." The *Arctic Cruise* (Ward and Lock) is an old favourite in a new cover, and M. Jules Verne's *Field of Ice* (Routledge) is one of his half scientific and wholly absurd books of fictitious adventure, profusely illustrated as usual, and probably not without its use in giving boys an interest in the conditions of travel.

M. Verne is the author also of the *Survivors of the Chancellor* (Sampson Low), a romance of the most thrilling description, profusely illustrated by M. Riou. The *Chancellor* is burnt at sea, and the usual horrors ensue. M. Verne revels in scenes where revolvers are kept busy and cannibalism lurks in the background. But all is well in the end, and the book concludes with orthodox indications of an approaching marriage. In the same volume is a second tale. It is, we are informed in a foot-note, an early work of the prolific author, and we can only say that there are many signs of youth in the way horrors are piled up needlessly until the tragedy of *Martin Paz* is complete.

M. Jules Verne presents us further with a trilogy. First, a balloon is *Dropped from the Clouds* upon a *Mysterious Island* (Sampson Low). Then the unfortunate adventurers who were in the car, and who seem to comprise among them examples of every kind of human virtue, talent, and learning, consider themselves *Abandoned*. The third volume reveals the *Secret of the Island*, which we have no idea of divulging, though we may remark that it is sufficiently surprising to justify the reader who seeks for it through all the three volumes, and sufficiently absurd to satisfy the countrymen and admirers of the author of *Monte Christo*. The illustrations by M. Riou are very spirited, and more numerous than is usual even in this age of illustration.

Readers who like sentiment in common things will be charmed with *The Sea* by Michelet (Nelson), which has been translated for them by Mr. Davenport Adams. The illustrations are executed in a soft and delicate manner worthy of better designs. They singularly resemble drawings in Indian ink. Michelet's style is so well known as to need no comment here. His works, as the translator well remarks, do not deal with zoological and physical subjects as the man of science does; "they are wanting in systematic arrangement and definiteness of detail." Mr. Adams adds to the author's notes some of his own, and there is an index, very useful in a book of this kind. M. Michelet had evidently no idea that his works were to be translated into English, or he might have omitted such passages as that in p. 263, where, having informed us that England had been degraded by the administration of Walpole, that the lower instincts had come to the surface, and that "the noble book of *Robinson Crusoe* reveals the imminent apparition of Alcoholism," he goes on to remark that a race thus weakened seldom recovers, but that the English race did so. "It regained for seventy or eighty years an extraordinary force and extreme activity." The absurdity of this passage is pointed out by Mr. Adams in a note.

If Mr. Engelbach chooses to challenge comparison with MM. Erekman-Chatrian by writing *Two Campaigns: a Tale of Old Alsace* (S.P.C.K.) he must be content if we cannot say that he has equalled or even approached those illustrious authors. At the same time it would be unfair to deny that Mr. Engelbach has produced an interesting book, such as boys delight to read, and, as the story ends before 1854, recent events and controversies are wisely avoided. There are a great many illustrations, some of them very good, but we cannot praise the frontispiece.

In *A Cruise on the Bosphorus* (S.P.C.K.) Mr. Fyler Townsend records the impressions of a visit to Constantinople, and has added another to the entertaining books of which Turkey has lately been the theme. Not content, however, with speaking of what befell himself in his travels, he traces in Constantinople much of the history of the Eastern Empire, and in Smyrna and Ephesus of the Early Christian Church. The chapter on the Hippodrome at Constantinople, and on the various events of which it has been the scene, is very well done, and the numerous illustrations are fairly good. Mr. Townsend seems to have gone about with his eyes open, and, if we may judge by his account of the Sultan's procession to a mosque, not to have been deterred by too much shyness when anything curious was going on. With Mr. Townsend's description of Constantinople may be noticed Mr. Davis's little story, *Julian's Dream* (S.P.C.K.), the scene of which is laid there. The author takes a favourable view of the Emperor's character, contrary to most writers, considering him an honest seeker after truth; and the story may be commended as likely to convey a very vivid impression of a period little known to younger students of history. The style is pleasant and clear, and there are many illustrations, some of them in colour.

Men of Mark in British Church History, by William Marshall, D.D. (Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.), is, strange to say, chiefly concerned with the English Church of the middle ages. "Thomas à Becket," we are told, "has been pronounced the most celebrated Roman Catholic prelate in the English annals." Dr. Marshall, who does not seem to know the work of Canon Robertson, or even that of Dean Stanley, and who draws his informa-

tion chiefly from Foss and Lord Campbell, goes on to say that "Thomas was the only child of his parents," and that his early preferments included the living of "Othford." The rest of this pretentious little book is of a piece with the beginning, and the pictures are worthy of the letterpress.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ERNEST DAUDET'S monograph on Martignac* is an excellent work. As the author remarks in his introduction, the Government of the Restoration has never yet been impartially and calmly appreciated; the faults committed by the last Cabinet of Charles X. were grievous, no doubt, but they should not be regarded as the necessary result of a political system to which France was indebted for fifteen years of quiet and of true freedom; and the Liberal Ministry which took office in 1827 would perhaps have rendered the Revolution of July 1830 unnecessary, if over-excited passions, both in the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left of the Chamber, had not completely frustrated Martignac's endeavours to bring about a cordial understanding among honest men of all parties. It is now universally acknowledged that few periods in French political history can boast of such an array of talent and statesmanship as the interval between 1815 and 1830; and the hero of M. Daudet's volume is one of the most illustrious amongst a cluster including such men as Lainé, the Duke Decazes, the Duke de Broglie, Royer Collard, and Benjamin Constant. The author has been able to consult several important manuscript correspondences and memoirs, and he thus completes and sometimes corrects the statements made by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, M. de Viel-Castel, and other historians.

We owe on many accounts a debt of gratitude to M. Armand Baschet. To his erudition and love of history we are indebted, first, for the publication of two important works, the notice of St. Simon's MS. collections, and the description of the French Foreign State Paper Office; and further we have to thank him for the permission now granted by the Government to consult and publish (under certain necessary restrictions) the treasures preserved at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Signs are not wanting that this rich mine will soon be successfully explored. The most recent publication of the kind is M. Charles Hippeau's important contribution to the history of the Spanish Succession.† Many of the letters printed in these two volumes belong to the private archives of the Harcourt family, but the majority form part of the Foreign Office collection, and M. Hippeau readily obtained permission to transcribe them. More than twenty years ago, M. Mignet had begun, in the series of the *Documents inédits sur l'histoire de France*, a history of the negotiations which led to the war of the Spanish Succession; but he unfortunately stopped short at the peace of Nimeguen, and it seems as if he did not intend, for the present at least, to proceed with his work, as he has himself encouraged the learned author of the two volumes now before us. The introduction, extending over two hundred and forty pages, explains the situation of Spain at the death of Charles II.; it describes the attitude of the conflicting parties and the claims of the pretenders to the throne, and concludes with a succinct summary of the correspondence. The Marquis d'Harcourt, it is well known, occupied the important post of French Ambassador to the Court of Madrid during the reigns of Charles II. and Philip V.

The work undertaken by M. Stroehlin‡ is intended to defend Prince Bismarck's policy against the Ultramontanist party, and to prove the necessity of the energetic measures lately adopted by the Chancellor of the German Empire. The author informs us that he had long wished to write a history of the ecclesiastical struggle in Germany; the Vatican Council of 1870 decided him to carry out his plan, and although he found it impossible to visit Rome, a long journey in Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia enabled him to collect ample materials for his work. Conversations with the principal ecclesiastics and statesmen of the day, and the perusal of treatises, newspapers, and reviews on both sides of the question, gave him all the information he needed; and, thus prepared, he sent to the *Journal de Genève* a series of articles which may be regarded as the germ of his present work. M. Stroehlin's first volume is a kind of preface; in order to understand thoroughly the line of action adopted by the Vatican Council it is necessary to study the events which led to it, and these preliminary researches take us somewhat far back. With reference to Southern Germany, the year 1801 is a convenient starting-point, for the secularization of the ecclesiastical principalities was the beginning of an era when the universal domination of the Pope replaced the local authority of the bishops. In the case of Prussia we must trace up our course to the latter half of the eighteenth century, and, according to our author, Prince Bismarck's policy is merely a continuation of that perseveringly adopted by Frederick II. The antecedents of the religious question in Austria are reserved for the second volume, which will contain likewise a detailed account of the Old Catholic movement, and of the war waged against the Vatican by the German Empire since the meeting of the Council.

* Le ministère de M. de Martignac, etc. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Dentu.

† *Avènement des Bourbons au trône d'Espagne, correspondances inédites du marquis d'Harcourt*. Publiée par M. Ch. Hippeau. Paris: Didier.

‡ *L'état moderne et l'Église catholique en Allemagne*. Par Ernest Stroehlin. Vol. I. Genève: Georg.

M. Mérier writes a long preface* to show that, like a modern Cassandra, he utters warnings which remain unheeded, and that his voice is a *vox clamans in deserto*. It is a pity that it should be so, for he tells his fellow-citizens truths on which they might well meditate, and explains very clearly how the apathy of the middle classes has been the opportunity for despots, visionaries, and political adventurers. Frenchmen, says M. Mérier, are so fond of discussing questions of mere form that they neglect the substance and the reality; with them the principal thing is not what are the duties of a sound government, but whether we shall be governed by a king, a president, or an emperor. Adopting the Liberal point of view, he reduces the action of the executive power to its minimum, and takes for his fundamental axioms the following:—1, The sole business of the State is to assure to each citizen personal freedom and social security; 2, the problem of political science consists in discovering the best means of obtaining these guarantees. It would be impossible to enumerate here all the points touched upon in a volume in which the "Proposition Grévy" is discussed side by side with Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois*, and where M. Buffet, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, M. Gambetta, Grotius, and M. Thiers are brought promiscuously together. M. Mérier has evidently read a great deal, but his Republican leanings sometimes impair his logical powers, and his estimate of constitutional monarchy is singularly unfair.

It may be remembered that on the occasion of the International Exhibition of 1867 a series of Reports was published by order of the French Government, designed to record the progress made in the various domains of literature, art, and science; several of these documents have excited much notice, and the whole collection deserves to be carefully studied. A few omissions unfortunately still remain, nor is it likely that they will ever be supplied. M. de la Guéronnière was one of the authors appointed to contribute a Report; he had taken international law as his subject, and the two volumes with which he now presents us† were originally intended for the collection referred to. Unfettered by the necessity of adopting the general plan of the series, M. de la Guéronnière has considerably enlarged his first scheme; instead of taking us back only to the Revolution of 1789, he begins with Charlemagne, and treats his programme quite *ab ovo*. A short introduction marks out the principal divisions of the subject, and shows the development of international law from the Treaty of Verdun down to the Peace of Frankfurt, when, according to him, the Prussian armies destroyed the work of centuries, upset the balance of power, and did away with the diplomatic traditions which have prevailed since the Treaty of Westphalia. M. de la Guéronnière's first volume treats chiefly of the times anterior to 1789; the second is devoted to recent events, and England, America, and Italy figure there as well as France, Germany, and Russia.

M. Charles Bigot does not apparently intend to write a satire; but his preface shows that he could do so without much difficulty, and the very title of his volume‡ has something sarcastic about it. The volume itself is an excellent sketch of the present state of things in France, we might almost say in Europe. To say that complete harmony exists on the other side of the Channel between the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat would be a paradox which the most optimistic Frenchman could scarcely endorse; it is evident that society still lives from hand to mouth, and symptoms of increased irritation are not far to seek. M. Bigot's object is to preach reconciliation and peace; he shows the folly of all attempts at reform made independently of, and in antagonism to, the *bourgeoisie*; but, on the other hand, he contends that the signal for reconciliation must come from the *classes dirigeantes*, who have turned to a bad use the power placed in their hands since 1789, and whose frivolity, selfishness, and ignorance are still most deplorable. The work is divided into three parts, treating respectively of national institutions, of the manners and habits which characterize the middle classes, and, finally, of the influence which those classes exercise over the people. M. Bigot's remarks on the press, the education of women, and the clergy, are excellent, and often remind us of La Bruyère.

M. de Pontmartin's *Nouveaux Samedis* have reached their twelfth volume§, and are still distinguished by the same qualities of courteous and discriminating criticism as before. The articles which strike us as more especially interesting are those on Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine, and Frédéric Soulié, the last being headed *Souvenirs du passé*. It is always worth while to read what competent judges have to say about the author of *Volupté*, and M. de Pontmartin justly points out that unfortunate disposition to libertinism which made Sainte-Beuve admire such works as Casanova de Seingal's *Memoirs*, M. Feydeau's *Fanny*, and M. Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. The character of Amary in *Volupté* could not have been so well drawn by a writer unacquainted with the darker recesses of the human heart, and it may be regarded as a portrait of the author quite as much as Joseph Delorme. If we have any fault to find with M. de Pontmartin's present volume, it is with the article on M. Jules Simon, which is lamentably spiteful, and unworthy of the author. The wretched pun contained in the title (*Les quarante sans Suisse*) betrays a weakness of which we notice several symptoms throughout the

book. M. de Pontmartin should leave *calembours* to the actors of the low Paris theatres.

The ambitious title of M. Philarète Chasles's posthumous work* serves as a label for the most utter nonsense we have had the ill-luck of meeting for some time past. It is perhaps excusable in a relative to call that writer *un grand génie polyglotte*, but all who have read the books of M. Chasles, or attended his lectures at the Collège de France, know what to think of such a designation. His style is pleasant enough, and in his new volume we find here and there an entertaining notice of Paul de Kock, Defoe, and Dickens, but it would be extremely difficult to discover anything like a psychological study or an original thought in this fresh instalment of the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*. Let us hope that the memoirs of M. Philarète Chasles announced in the preface will be more amusing, at any rate, than the *Psychologie sociale*.

Here is another moralist, another La Bruyère, or rather another Chrysale, since M. Blanquet assumes this sobriquet on the title-page of his new book.† If a lecture on women was ever necessary, it is surely now, and we wish that all Paris ladies would make up their minds to read the sensible and true, though severe, remarks which our author makes on their sex. Unfortunately, the title of the volume will frighten many, and those who go as far as the preface will probably stop there, not caring to be scolded by a man who ventures on the assertion that "you are sure to find a woman at the bottom of every execrable deed." M. Blanquet discusses problems of the highest importance with the common sense characteristic of French moralists when they happen to be on the side of truth. His chapters on fashion, masked balls, marriage, jealousy, &c., are particularly striking; and the description he gives of the Paris *Aspasias* of the nineteenth century should be studied by all men for whom the *demi-monde* is the ideal of happiness and enjoyment.

M. Edmond Robert takes servants‡ as the subject of his book. He aims at reducing the number of domestics and raising their position. He goes back to the Greeks and Romans to show the origin of hired service, describes the condition of servants during the *ancien régime* and the revolutionary period, and concludes with a chapter on the results of universal suffrage so far as that numerous and useful class is concerned. We recommend to our readers the essay entitled *Le valet de comédie révolutionnaire*; it is remarkably clever, and shows how, at various epochs in the history of France, the boldest ideas about reform and progress were freely put forth on the stage by buffoons and actors playing the part of servants. Figaro, of course, will occur to every person acquainted with the French theatre; and the same observation applies to Molière's Scapins, Sganarelles, and Mascarilles, to Pierrot and Pailasse, nay to Tabin himself. Ruy Blas, in M. Victor Hugo's splendid tragedy, is the incarnation of modern democracy, and Didier, in *Marion de Lorme*, is almost as low, socially speaking, as the servant of Don Salluste. M. Robert's chapter on revolutionary domestics is an excellent contribution to the history of dramatic literature.

The Byzantine epic on Digenis Akritas was very recently noticed in our columns; we have now to draw the attention of our readers to an Arabic poem of the same kind§, of which a French translation has lately been published. The editor, M. Gustave Revilliod, was spending some time at Algiers in 1844, and he took the opportunity to collect a number of popular songs and ballads which itinerant minstrels still sing in the cafés and hotels of Northern Africa. Being himself ignorant of the original language he could not translate these MSS. into French, but a friend, M. Victor Largeau, came to the rescue, and thus it is that *La vengeance d'Ali* is now before us. It forms only a small part of the collection brought back to Europe by M. Revilliod, but it was pointed out as the gem, and is certainly a very remarkable work. We cannot say whether the French translation is a faithful rendering of the original, but the name of M. Largeau may be taken as a guarantee on this point. A few notes terminate the volume.

Signor Domenico Pezzi's brochure is also a translation||, and it need not detain us long. The science of language has been completely revolutionized within the last fifty years, and works abound on every branch of linguistics. We had, however, frequently felt the want of a brief introduction summing up the principal facts—a kind of programme or skeleton to be filled in by the lecturer. That is what Signor Pezzi has attempted, and M. Nourrisson, well known by his works on metaphysics, is the French interpreter of the Italian text. The work is divided into three chapters, each of which has, by way of preface, a copious bibliographical list.

M. Daniel Ramée, whose works on architecture have been long known and justly appreciated, has just made an excursion into another domain, and published a volume which all classes of readers will find useful. A dictionary of inventions and discoveries¶, if compiled with care and taken from the best

* *L'avenir économique*. Tome 1er, partie politique. Par Mérier. Paris: Guillaumin.

† *Le droit public et l'Europe moderne*. Par le vicomte de la Guéronnière. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les classes dirigeantes*. Par Charles Bigot. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Nouveaux Samedis*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

* *La psychologie sociale des nouveaux peuples*. Par Philarète Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Les femmes*. Par Chrysale (Albert Blanquet). Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Les domestiques: étude de mœurs et d'histoire*. Par Edmond Robert. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La vengeance d'Ali; poème arabe*. Traduit par Victor Largeau. Paris: Sandoz et Cie.

|| *Introduction à l'étude de la science du langage*. Par D. Pezzi. Traduit de l'Italien par V. Nourrisson. Paris: Sandoz et Cie.

¶ *Histoire de l'origine des inventions et découvertes*. Par D. Ramée. Paris: Plon.

authorities, ought to be a kind of encyclopædia. Obligated to confine himself within comparatively narrow limits, M. Ramée could not attempt to exhaust his subject; in the first place, he has only studied the civilizations of Italy and Greece, and in the second, he has purposely omitted all details of secondary importance. There are many omissions in the work before us, but its contents are for the most part accurate, and they bear upon every branch of natural philosophy, physics, mathematics, history, and geography.

The striking articles which M. Saint-René Taillandier contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on M. de Ségur's Memoirs, now collected in a small volume*, may be regarded as a study of the character of Napoleon I. It would be useless to expect in those Memoirs a philosophical estimate of the French Emperor; but no other memoir writer has so clearly explained, thanks to the sincerity of his narrative, the causes of the change which took place in the temper of Napoleon, and of the corresponding difference in the attitude assumed towards him by his marshals, after the Russian campaign. M. Saint-René Taillandier, in his turn, brings out the contrast most forcibly, and his comments on M. de Ségur's descriptions are particularly instructive.

Kel-Kun is a decided Liberal†, but his gallery of portraits, though sketched with a vigorous pencil, has far too much of the character of caricature. His portrait of the late M. Casimir Périer—the one, we mean, who was Prime Minister under Louis Philippe—is even worse than those of the Duke de Broglie and Mgr. Dupanloup, and we have never read anything more completely untrue. We do not know who Kel-Kun is, but we are happy to think that all Liberals are not so scandalously prejudiced as he is.

Amongst the French travellers who have explored equatorial Africa the Marquis de Compiègne is one of the most distinguished, and our readers may perhaps remember his name in connexion with an amusing volume which we noticed some time since. The present duodecimo‡ is a sequel to the previous one; the illustrations of various kinds, map, woodcuts, &c., are equally good. M. de Compiègne takes to task in his preface certain morose critics who find fault with him for being amusing. We quite agree with him, and we cannot see why a book of travels should necessarily be dry and dull under the pretence of being scientific.

The series of French classics edited by M. Lemerre has just been enriched through M. Courbet's care with an edition of Régnier.§ Few poets better deserved the honour of appearing in a collection of *chefs-d'œuvre*, and few have hitherto been so carelessly published. Annotators have hitherto been satisfied with consulting the Elzevir reprint, and in most cases they have never taken the trouble to collate the editions issued in Régnier's lifetime. Following a directly opposite plan, M. Courbet has been able to correct a number of blunders which had been received on the authority of the Elzevir; thus the line which we are generally accustomed to read thus:—

Qu'en son globe il a vu la matière première,

ought properly to be

Que sans robe il a vu, &c.

The present edition is prefaced by an excellent life of the poet, and followed by a glossary, notes, index, &c.

We have also to notice the *Montaigne* of Messrs. Dezeimeris and Barchhausen.|| The editors have aimed at reproducing the original edition of 1580, and we believe that their plan is the best; for while the developments subsequently given by the author are important to be noted, and ought to be faithfully preserved, it is still more interesting to seize his first thoughts, the spontaneous expression of his sentiments, when, unrestrained by the suggestions of prudence or the remonstrances of critics, he wrote *currente calamo* his observations on society. In the case of La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld, the necessity of taking the first edition as a groundwork is evident, and the same remark applies to Montaigne. Thus the fifty-sixth chapter of the first book, the subject of which is prayer, has been corrected, augmented, revised, and altered in every possible manner; it seems as if the author had been tormented by the fear of not appearing sufficiently orthodox, and the precautions which he took in toning down his original sketch betray a wholesome dread of the Sorbonne.

Novels and poetry are only represented in recent French literature by works which do not rise above mediocrity. M. Hector Malot's *Colonel Chamberlain* is a sensational tale of the deepest dye, and the *Auberge du monde* to which he introduces us opens its hospitable doors merely to swindlers, card-sharps, and actresses.¶ M. Albéric Second has obtained one of the Monthyon prizes for a novel ** written, no doubt, with the best intentions, but which would discourage people from being virtuous if success in this world was always, as he endeavours to prove, the exclusive share of the wicked. M. Théodore de Banville's poems††, just collected

* *Le général Philippe de Ségur, sa vie et son temps.* Par M. Saint-René Taillandier. Paris: Didier.

† *Portraits de Kel-Kun.* Paris: Lévy.

‡ *L'Afrique équatoriale.* Par le marquis de Compiègne. Paris: Plon.

§ *Œuvres complètes de Mathurin Régnier.* Publiées par M. Courbet. Paris: Lemerre.

|| *Œuvres complètes de Montaigne.* Editées par MM. Dezeimeris and Barchhausen. Paris: Aubry.

¶ *L'auberge du monde; le colonel Chamberlain.* Par H. Malot. Paris: Dentu.

** *Les demoiselles du Ronçay.* Par Albéric Second. Paris: Dentu.

†† *Th. de Banville.—Poésies complètes.* Paris: Lemerre.

in two handsome volumes, form a notable instalment of M. Lemerre's library of contemporary authors.

Let us finish by a word of notice of the *Bibliothèque universelle**: the November number contains, amongst other interesting articles, an excellent paper on the conditions of science by M. Secrétan, and an essay by M. Lehr on French criminal law during the eighteenth century.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Novembre 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CATTLE SHOW, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, December 7, 8, 9, and 10, at Nine o'clock A.M. Admission, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOTICE to ARTISTS.—The results of the Exhibition and Sales of this Season have been so gratifying that the Directors will again offer MEDALS for the BEST PICTURES and DRAWINGS EXHIBITED for 1875-7. Receiving days February 21st and 22nd, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—For conditions apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Picture Gallery, Crystal Palace.

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